THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES | VOLUME LXII. | No. 3629 January 24, 1914 | FROM BEGINNING | VOL. CCLXXX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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DAWN.

The dawn comes cold: the haystack smokes,
The green twigs crackle in the fire,
The dew is dripping from the oaks,
And sleepy men bear milking-yokes
Slowly towards the cattle-byre.

Down in the town a clock strikes six,
The gray east heaven burns and glows,
The dew shines on the thatch of ricks,
A slow old crone comes gathering sticks,
The red cock in the ox-yard crows.

Beyond the stack where we have lain
The road runs twisted like a snake
(The white road to the land of Spain),
The road that we must foot again,
Though the feet halt and the heart ache.

John Masefield.

DANA.

I am the tender voice calling "Away,"
Whispering between the beatings of the heart,
And inaccessible in dewy eyes
I dwell, and all unkissed on lovely lips,
Lingering between white breasts inviolate,
And fleeting ever from the passionate touch.
I shine afar, till man may not divine
Whether it is the stars or the beloved
They follow with rapt spirit. And I weave
My spells at evening, folding, with dim caress.
Aerial arms and twilight dropping hair,
The lonely wanderer by wood or shore,
Till, filled with some dim tenderness, he yields,
Feeling in dreams for the dear mother heart
He knew, ere he forsook the starry way,
And clings there, pillowed far above the smoke
And the dim murmur from the duns of men. . . .
I am that heartbreak over fallen things,
The sudden gentleness that stays the blow,
And I am in the kiss that foemen give
Pausing in battle, and in the tears that fall
Over the vanquished foe, and in the highest,
Among the Danaan gods, I am the last
Council of mercy in their hearts when they
Mete justice from a thousand starry thrones.

A. E.

AT A SHRINE.

Press open the closed door;
Enter; the sun and wind likewise
Shall enter; the wind's beat,
So like great wings, shall sweep across the floor,
That thou shalt think a wounded eagle lies
In death-throes at thy feet.

This forlorn shrine
Is marked by prayer; its altar set
Where the last, lingering
Rays of the sun fall on it, red, like wine,
The winds up-trailing from the sea leave wet
With the salt gifts they bring.

Some god unknown
Wakes in the silence, wakes and hears
Monotonously
Dripping on the white stone,
Like water falling, the slow years
And the long crying of the sea.

Ah! rest thy head,
Upon the lowest altar step, and there
Forget the goal is far and still to seek.
To thee on thy hard bed
Shall come an answer to that secret prayer
Thy lips might never speak.

Margaret Sackville.

The Nation.

ABDICATION.

The English world of to-day is desperately weary of the Franchise question. The insistence upon stale political ineptitudes and worn out formulæ has produced a positive nausea in the public mind, while it has proved yet once again that human societies with all their subtle involutions and complications cannot be set right by formal demonstrations like geometric problems. Logical attempts to deal with profound sociologic questions must break down into futility or disaster, because logical procedure is abstract while human societies are living things, capable of health as of disease and decay, susceptible to injury from without as from within.

The time would seem to have come for some appreciation of the results of a movement now in its third generation. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

It must first be admitted that the woman's movement, as compared with other political movements, is yet in its infancy: with the proverbial impatience of women, its adherents have hardly realized how important the factor of *Time* is to any far-reaching revolution in the social system. It is well for the world that it should be so. It had been reasonably supposed that a propaganda which preached the importance of woman to the world, the gain to public life if her gifts of intuition, sympathy, and understanding could be enlisted, the elevation of all public questions to a higher plane by her inspiration and example, would have shown us a generation of young women eager to learn, training themselves seriously for the position they demand, disciplining themselves to a wise and serious attitude; for on their own showing they had not only to do as well as the average male politician but a very great deal better—they were to raise him to higher altitudes. What do we find? There can be no need to rehearse in this Review the exploits of the anarchist women, nor have we any desire to enlarge upon them. The working people of this country have fairly weighed and appraised them.

It is often said that men to gain their own political ends have used violence and that these new anarchists are but a handful, leaving the mass of suffrage women untouched by their temper, their crimes, and vulgarities. It may be. But have not the militant contingent become the main body? Are they not richer, more numerous than the Constitutionalists? The writer ventured some six years ago in this Review to contrast the work done by the older suffragists—the old guard—with the escapades of the younger women. Unfortunately the older suffragists lost control of the movement and have suffered in consequence more perhaps than the general public. Has not the whole tone of the movement been lowered? The exalted standard, the high sense of honor and truth, the disdain to snatch a cruel or unfair advantage, these things do not shine forth conspicuous as of old. Some of the non-militant societies, too, stand in a strangely ill-defined position towards the militant. Thus, the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association assert that they "do not give any moral support of any kind to militancy," whereas they admit as vice-presidents members of the Church League, which "resolutely refuses to denounce the methods individuals or societies may employ in order to secure the enfranchisement of women, for when all is said and done *the cause is greater*

than the method." Presumably the principle involved is not to let your right hand know the deeds of your left hand. Moreover, the roll of members is thus easily enlarged and the poor credulous public easily mystified. It has certainly not hitherto been the custom for women to descend to such subterfuges.

But our object is not so much to criticize the suffrage bodies as to estimate in some measure the effect upon women themselves of their political agitation, and set forth some of the results, negative as well as positive, which have followed upon the movement.

The word "Abdication" heads this paper—a strange enough suggestion to make when the air rings with the clamor of Feminism. In sober truth it would seem that there never was a time when fewer solid contributions were made by women to society than the present. A destructive campaign naturally engrosses time, energy, and money which might have been employed in constructive work. But in what is the political woman suffragist making her higher influence felt? In politics proper she is to be seen adopting tactics introduced by the foreign parliamentary "bloc" system. That means that to gain their own ends women do not consider serious questions on their merits any longer, but descend to the worst form of parliamentary compromise. Thus the N.U.W.S.S. supports the I.L.P. It must be as bitter a draught for Unionist women to swallow as it would be for a Liberal Home Ruler to subscribe to the Ulster League and Covenant. This base kind of compromise must follow when women enter the political arena. For, as we have often said, women lose their true influence the moment they begin to traffic in votes. But what a loss to the country!

To one question it is true they have given much energy and enthusiasm: women's best friends, however, regret much of their action; it was not according to knowledge, and it remains a curious if melancholy fact that greatly owing to women an inhuman barbarous punishment should have been reintroduced for men, while women offenders, their accomplices in guilt, practically escape penalty. Women's action in the Criminal Law Amendment Act is an example of how easily they may rush men emotionally into unwise measures. Cruel vindictive punishment even for the worst offences always defeats justice. What strange happenings may be expected when, with a democratic franchise, power will rest with the woman majority.

We turn to questions that intimately concern women—the nurture of children; their education; the domestic arts; the care of widows and orphans.

The first and most important of these—the nurture of children—brings into prominence the great question of whether married women with children should go to work. It is appalling to contemplate the massacre of infants that in every year are sacrificed to Moloch. Suffrage women treat this question with a divided mind, for though they undoubtedly deplore the fact, yet action is hampered by two considerations—(*a*) that women must have equal liberty with men in the labor market; (*b*) they must have economic independence. It remains, however, a stigma upon our vaunted civilization that young mothers work almost up to childbirth and so soon afterwards, thus endangering their own and their children's health and depriving themselves of their ability to nurse their own babes; yet in certain districts of England these customs prevail generally amongst the

workers. Here surely is a field for Eugenists and for all women.

Young mothers are wanted in their homes not only for the physical welfare of their children but as guardians of those early years when the great lessons of our human nature are taught and learned. Mothers are there to make homes. If they go out to work they risk the health of their babes and there is economic waste rather than gain. No one, we believe, has suggested or would suggest that Parliamentary legislation should deal with so difficult a problem. But public opinion in this, as in other matters, is stronger than votes. It is a matter for an awakened public conscience, a quickened sense of social duty, a truer understanding of the duty of parents. It is women who must bring about this reform, which will have incalculable results for rich and poor alike. The best opinion tells us that very young children should not be sent to school. It was pitiful to read of the debate the other day as to providing hammocks in schools for the poor little things who are overpowered by sleep. They should sleep in their own cribs in their own homes. Teachers of experience openly say that it harms a child of tender years to be disciplined in classes. The outside world upon which the little creature opens its eyes and understanding is enough of schooling.

Middle-class children are supposed to have what is thought "a good time," but the modern tendency is to make playthings of them for the entertainment of the mothers rather than the good of the children. Certainly less of education is now given at home. Boys go to school "with everything to learn," as a public-school master complained. Fewer good books are written for the young, there is no canon of reading for them, yet the mothers of to-day are supposed to have a much better book education than was possible fifty years ago.

Now it is notorious that in much suffrage literature the home is decried, while any outside paid work is lauded. It has even been suggested that the inferior women should be retained for the home, while one woman writer advises married women "not to do their duty." This anti-social spirit is one of the causes, perhaps the principal cause, of the discomfort of so many homes, which become mere lodging-houses, as also of the discontent with domestic service. When the mistress of the house despises home duties, can more care and interest be expected from the young servant who feels herself to be pursuing a discredited vocation?

For work in the home, it is plain degradation;
But work in an office is work for the nation.
"The crèche for the babies, and canned food your ration,
Will do," says the suffragette girl.

We are anxious not to exaggerate. Domestic service is undergoing many changes from many causes, but wages have gone up fifty per cent in as many years, and all the conditions of service have greatly improved. The sense that educated women despise it must powerfully affect many girls against it. With the disregard of the home, and the decline of the *woman* into the mere *female* of the race, the family has suffered a great diminution as a sacred possession, and feminists have done much to destroy the ideal.

What opportunities these women have missed. If one half the money and energy spent on the suffrage question had been devoted to social work what results might have been theirs. They have told the workers on hundreds of platforms that votes would raise wages, though they have been repeatedly assured by competent au-

thorities on their own side that this was a gross error; suppose instead that they had helped unskilled women workers to organize in unions, the certain and scientific mode of gaining better industrial conditions. They have, we believe, criticized the Insurance Act, but for all its fine meshes the casually employed worker seems to have been let through. What have militants done for the widow or for orphaned children?[1]

A great deal is heard of the examples of other countries where women have votes. These countries cannot be compared with the Mother Country; it seems also very difficult to ascertain what have been the results of the women's vote. One example should be enough for us—our own test of the municipal vote: though women have done excellent work as guardians and on education boards, the vote is a failure. It becomes more and more difficult to get women to interest themselves, though the control of rates directly affects the levy. We doubt not that suffragists deplore this supineness and indifference as do the anti-suffragists, who are working hard to persuade women to fulfil their obligations as citizens.

The worst and most unscientific feature of the campaign has been the fierce sex-antagonism displayed everywhere. In girls' schools the pupils have been taught that women have been deprived of positions that once were theirs. Girls, too, are no longer taught to reverence their womanhood; on the contrary they are urged to set aside considerations of sex, to level themselves to man. The sense that women are the guardians of the race, the educators of the young, the bulwarks of the family, has been seriously impaired. The old education that she had to fit herself for her high mission is now hard to find, yet it was an education which taught her to build, to maintain, to repair. Woman was the pioneer in many social discoveries, the civilizer, the bearer of the torch of hope. If men built houses, women taught them how to live in them. Now they make a diet of grievances and feed their imaginations on wrongs, real and imaginary, in which *man the brute* is always conspicuous. It is a temper in which nothing worth doing can or will be done.

All who are interested should read the hysterical utterances of some of the well-known women speakers. Miss Christabel Pankhurst becomes "young Siegfried wielding the sword Excalibur in her maiden might," etc., etc. They grow intoxicated as it were with emotion, an emotion which infects the audience but which cannot be reduced to plain clear sense. The writer has heard a woman at a suffrage meeting, hoarse with excitement, shout that "when they used pistols . . ." She was applauded for many minutes, though no one knew how, or when and why, or on whom, pistols should be used. The hall rocked and panted with excitement. But no one believes that this ecstasy and perversion of mind would be cured by the gift of a vote. Curiously this suffrage hysteria is not confined to women; some men seem to have caught it. On the recent Pilgrims' "Impressionist" march to London it was reported in the press that a young cleric (we may presume at least that he was young), addressing some of the pilgrims, found a justification for militancy in that one of Christ's followers in the Garden of Gethsemane "drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest's and smote off his ear." He did not

[1] The cripples' schools and holiday schools which have had so great a success we owe to Mrs. H. Ward's energy and inspiration. The attendance at the children's play centres has grown from 418,000 in 1907 to over a million and a half this year.

finish the passage or read the rebuke "Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," Matt. xxvi. 51-52.

How far are these daughters of the suffrage movement an inevitable outcome of that movement? The whole civilized world suffers from unrest, economic unrest, religious unrest. Old sanctions are questioned, some of them swept away. Militants would say, indeed they say every day, that woman has been exploited, coerced, thrown into the gutter, trampled on, classed with children, criminals and lunatics. They therefore demand the vote and acknowledged equality in all things with man. The vote of course might be conceded: for the other point it is not possible to give that which does not exist. There is difference of function, of work, difference of temperament, of brain, of bodily strength. The suffrage world skirmishes round these facts, seeking to evade them by a variety of curious suggestions and appeals which do not, however, touch the facts. They laugh, for instance, at the argument that force is the ultimate appeal in government, and say that all men are not equally strong or capable as fighters, and that there are crippled invalid men whose vote is not therefore taken from them. So are there also crippled invalid women whose municipal vote is not taken from them. Perhaps if all our men were crippled, women would be invited to fill their places until a nation whose men were not decrepit conquered them and passed them under the yoke.

How and in what ways has the suffrage movement produced these morbid manifestations and these abnormal women? Because, as we think, it is an anti-social movement and has argued and worked from false untrustworthy premisses. It has ignored the teachings of history, of religion, of biology and sociology, and has thought to solve a profound question in human life by purely logical reasoning and a mechanical process. A more scientific method would have taught woman not to follow slavishly in men's footsteps whether in education or in politics, to step forward frankly as women bent on developing to the best advantage their woman's capacities, that they, as well as men, might give their service in the best woman's way. There is much in the world to change, to improve, some things to eliminate, but society does not need an inferior race of female men standing beside the true men. It needs women in the full sense of that word, and if a nation's greatest need is virility for its men folk, so does it need womanliness for its women folk.

The writer wishes to offer her tribute to the noble work done by many women in the dark places of the world, to whom we all owe gratitude, as we do to the brave mothers of the people. It is hard to attack members of one's own sex who are acting conscientiously as they think, but they are but a small minority and their success would spell, we are convinced, the decadence and downfall of our country.

Three appeals on this question have been recently made to the public. The first, by the Bishop of Winchester, calls for a "Truce of God" so that the enfranchisement of women may be quietly studied. It is a good thought, though it was promptly repudiated by the militants. All thoughtful women are, we can assure the Bishop, doing their utmost to understand the situation and to determine for themselves what woman's function in society may be. No one breaks the peace but the militants, and to their intent we would adapt a well-known saying—

"Que Mesdames les Pétroleuses commencent."

The second appeal comes from the sometime Bishop of North Queensland.[2] He gives a balanced account of the effect of woman's vote in Australia and New Zealand. He can hardly be said to come to any conclusion, but is inclined to think that the woman's vote has brought into practical politics social measures concerning women. He admits, however, that evidence on this point is "vehemently contradictory." He admits also that experience disperses completely any dreams of the social and political millennium, and points out that there are peculiar weaknesses in the women's vote. Perhaps the most interesting point that he makes is in showing that voters in Finland have women in the majority—the numbers stand at 47.6 men to 52.4 women. That would be a very serious matter in this country. The Bishop speaks of women as "a class," a fallacy which has been disproved again and again—women are a "sex," not a "class." It is an important distinction. His article should be read along with Miss Ackermann's book on Australia. It is really indecisive and inconclusive.

A more important pronouncement seems to us to come from Mr. S. M. Mitra. He has a certain sympathy with the feminist movement and suggests that there should be a special minister with an advisory council to look after women's interests. We fear that the voting, the excitement of elections, the mimic warfare on the political field, stand for much of the eagerness of women to become champions of their sex on the hustings and in the House of Commons. If a Referendum could show that a majority of women were discontented with their lot as citizens there might be something to be said for giving them such a share in political machinery as Mr. Mitra suggests. At any rate such a scheme would not dispossess men as rulers, legislators, and defenders, while it would give to women a very definite hold over any legislation which concerned them. The present writer has already suggested a permanent women's committee. She fears, however, that the extremists would reject so conciliatory a scheme as they reject the very idea of a Referendum, though it is difficult to see their reason for repudiating an appeal to women when they never weary of assuring us that the country is with them.

The result of throwing women into the political arena would be merely to increase the force of the existing machinery. The country needs another influence alongside the man's—woman cannot ask for power when she cannot share responsibility. Her empire lies in ways other than man's, of a more spiritual nature. She reaches forward to her goal in remembering that "Nature is only to be commanded by obeying her." How can the Pankhurst battalions assist such a consummation, or the granting of a vote enable woman to accomplish her high destiny? She is more easily contaminated by the political game than man. She cannot take upon her shoulders the public as well as the private life. At present the pure fount of her influence is dried. Woman has abdicated.

E. B. Harrison.

[2] See November issue of the "Nineteenth Century." "The Women's Parliamentary Franchise in Practice," by the Right Rev. Bishop Frodsham.

THE COMPLETE AMBASSADOR.

Lord Lyons, whose papers have been recently edited with profound knowledge and a scrupulous self-suppression by Lord Newton,[1] may be described, in the old phrase, as the Complete Ambassador. He possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities which his craft demanded. His discretion equalled his research. He was quick to surprise the secrets of others, resolute to betray none of his own. He combined the offices of a perfect "special correspondent" and a wise counsellor. No man that ever lived more clearly embodied the ideal Ambassador sketched by Philippe de Commines as an "honorable spy." If on the one hand he was incapable, so to say, of hiding "behind the arras," on the other hand nothing escaped him which might decently and justly be perceived. He knew men and cities as few of his contemporaries knew them, and a long experience had taught him how to divine the future from the present. At the same time he took a severe view of his limitations. He thought it was no part of an Ambassador's business to volunteer advice. He laid before the Foreign Office the fruit of his wise experience, and left the shaping of a policy to the Minister. And it was characteristic of his modesty and self-knowledge that when, in 1886, Lord Salisbury asked him to be Foreign Secretary, he felt himself bound to decline the invitation. Nor was the honor a slight one. So far as we know, Lord Salisbury's proposal is unique in our annals. But Lord Lyons did not hesitate to refuse it, and though he based his refusal upon his age and the state of his health, these were merely excuses. It is improbable that he would have accepted so high a post at any point in his career. The English Parliament, in which, as Lord Newton rightly says, "the value of Ministers is gauged chiefly by the fallacious test of oratorical capacity," was no place for him. Obviously he knew better than others what he could and could not do. "It may be doubted," writes Lord Newton, "whether, in spite of his many admirable qualities, he was really adapted for the post. All his life he had been merely an instrument—a highly efficient instrument—of the existing Government, and had received instructions, which had been invariably carried out with singular skill and intelligence. But the responsibility had not been his, and the initiative as well as the responsibility which would have rested upon him as Foreign Secretary might have imposed too formidable a strain upon one of so cautious a temperament."

That is sound sense, which is rarely heard in these days of swift arrival and reckless ambition. But if Lord Lyons saw plainly what he could not do, he must have had an equal consciousness that all the qualities were his which should belong to an Ambassador. The few pages which Lord Newton has devoted to Lord Lyons' "personal characteristics" present a vivid portrait of the man. He was big and burly, far nearer in aspect to a British squire than to a keen unraveller of foreign politics. His shy manner alarmed the newcomer, but beneath the shy manner was an amiability of which his friends were easily sensible. He had a profound knowledge of modern languages, and was, moreover, a classical scholar of some pretensions. His industry was prodigious. If he spared his subordinates, he never spared himself. He began his day early, and seldom finished his

[1] "Lord Lyons. A Record of British Diplomacy." By Lord Newton. London: Arnold.

work until dinner-time. He attended to all the correspondence which came to the Embassy, and overlooked nothing that might affect the interests of his country. The value of his work was immeasurably increased by the intense concentration of his mind. To read the dispatches printed in Lord Newton's book is to get a vision of French thought and French policy in the nineteenth century, which you will not find elsewhere. And the thoroughness of his method was admirably matched by the vigor of his style. His letters are perfect in energy and concision. He wrote always as a man of action, not as a dilettante. He chose the right words, partly because he chose the fewest, and partly because his business-like temperament naturally rejected all superfluous adornments. In brief, he was the Complete Ambassador—cautious, deliberate, well-balanced, a great support in his own time of English politics, a splendid example to future generations of diplomatists.

And he was complete in another sense—in the sense of exclusion. He was an Ambassador, and nothing else. There was no other profession in which he could have succeeded, and it was by a strange irony of fate that he was bred to the sea. The one absorbing passion of his life was foreign affairs. He was wholly detached from the common frivolities of life. He cared not greatly for travel, and he was never known to take exercise. He found infinite pleasure in the reflection that the following words stood upon his *dossier* at the Préfecture de Police: "On ne lui connait pas de vice." As Lord Newton says, "he had never been in debt, never gambled, never quarrelled, never, as far as was known, been in love, although it was a mistake to suppose that the opposite sex possessed no attractions for him." When he was in America he scaled the topmost height of detachment: he lived five years in the United States and never took a drink nor made a speech. The reserve implied in these simple words is nothing short of heroism. So long as he was in France he seldom left the Embassy. He took one holiday a year, and used to boast that it was his habit to have slept three hundred successive nights in the same bed. His one recreation was reading, in which his taste was sternly and rightly old-fashioned. Had he lived to-day, he would have had a vast difficulty in succeeding as he succeeded fifty years ago. He was wholly incapable of pushing himself forward, or of conciliating others for his own profit. He was convinced that an Ambassador should have no dealings with domestic politics, and only once in his life did he vote in the House of Lords, and then after a strong, unheeded protest. Asked to vote a second time, he resolutely refused, and supported his refusal by an argument which should remain a model for doubting diplomatists unto the end of time. Like all men who have thoroughly mastered their craft, he was never known to overrate his own achievement. "In speaking of Leo XIII.," writes Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, "and his successful policy with Bismarck, he said: 'Those very clever men succeed by doing what no one expects. My success has been made by always doing what was expected of me. I always did the safe thing.' " Yet Lord Newton's book proves that not even Bismarck's cunning availed to deceive Lord Lyons' astute intelligence.

The one objection that was urged against him as an Ambassador was the very exclusiveness which seems to us his supreme virtue. If he read the newspapers with diligence and understanding, he kept "the press" rigidly away from him. He would not advertise himself, nor did he expect adver-

tisement from others. He moved always in one set, and yet he managed to be well-informed of all that went on in France. But even in the sixties there were those who thought that he did not mix intimately enough with the world. "I have not seen the Emperor yet," wrote Lord Clarendon, on March 18, 1868, "but dine at The Tuileries to-night together with Lyons —the first time he has been invited. He has made himself a good position, and is respected as an honorable and straightforward man by all who know him; but he has some solid disqualifications, which are thought serious. He has no wife or substitute for one—he drinks no wine—he doesn't smoke, and he neither rides nor shoots. It seems absurd to attach importance to any of these shortcomings; but the fact is, they cut him off from a good deal of the intercourse out of which information is extracted." His simple virtues made no difference to Lord Lyons' usefulness, and if it be true that Bismarck owed a good deal of his success to the fact that he could drink more wine than any of his colleagues, then Lord Lyons, who drank none, was in a yet stronger position.

But his own abstemiousness did not modify in any way Lord Lyons' conduct of his Embassy. There he managed his life with a proper sense of parade. None knew better than he what amount of state was due to the representative of Queen Victoria. His dinners were famous even in Paris. "Nothing," says Lord Newton, "could exceed the dignity or the faultless taste of the Embassy arrangements, and not only were Lord Lyons' entertainments renowned, but his horses and carriages were, even in Paris, noticeably among the very best, it being one of his strongest convictions that the British representative should always make an imposing appearance." In brief, modest and retiring as Lord Lyons was in the conduct of his own life, he insisted always that due honor should be done to the office of Ambassador. As the representative of the Queen in Paris, he thought that the Embassy could not be too splendidly arrayed, and in return he fiercely resented the smallest slight put upon him in his official station. Lord Newton says that only twice during his long stay in Paris did his temper get beyond his control; "once when, at a review at Longchamps, the Diplomatic Corps was allotted an inferior position, and once upon an occasion when his coachman appeared wearing trousers instead of top-boots and breeches." Thus in small things as in great he proved himself to be what we have called "the complete ambassador."

It would be difficult to imagine any one less like the diplomatist of tradition and the stage than Lord Lyons. We all know the haggard, moustachioed gentleman, whose cigarette varies in size inversely with his fur coat, who bears about him all the marks of the *impresario*, and who punctuates his cryptic, monosyllabic conversation with many liftings of an artificial eyebrow. This diplomatist of fairyland has always in his pay a bevy of dangerous and entrancing women, with whose aid he picks pockets, steals documents, and on occasion betrays his country for the easy settlement of a gambling debt. With this master of romance Lord Lyons had naught in common. To the bluff aspect and taciturn speech of a country squire he added the habits of a man of business. Knowledge, not intrigue, was the purpose of his life, and so well did he achieve this purpose, that Lord Newton's record is marked by the sternness and rigidity of a technical treatise.

And there is yet another kind of Ambassador, celebrated by Sir Henry Wotton, to whom Lord Lyons presents

not the smallest resemblance. His worst enemy could not have declared that he was "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." It is only the "honesty" in this witty definition which bears any relation to the character of Lord Lyons. Honest he was, to be sure, but never once in his long career did he stoop to lying. The distinguishing mark of his invaluable dispatches, as of his dealings with the representatives of foreign States, was his transparent truthfulness. If you compare Bismarck and Lord Lyons you will see the conflicting methods of work. It is true that Bismarck was working to a larger end and in opposition to greater difficulties, yet there seems little justification for the tortuous cunning wherewith he complicated the affairs of State—especially as the complication was always less than the cunning. The intimate confidences which he poured into the ear of Odo Russell, for instance, and the unnumbered falsehoods which he printed in the reptile press, do not seem to have deceived anybody. And it is clear from the letters of Lord Lyons that Bismarck's adversaries knew well enough how to translate his fairy stories into the language of sober fact. It is, indeed, the glory of English diplomacy that the great Chancellor's schemes were, in the years which followed the Franco-German War, successfully opposed by the simpler methods of Great Britain.

It was in Washington that Lord Lyons won his spurs, and we know not where we shall find the causes and the course of the Civil War more dispassionately set forth than in his correspondence. His difficulty in dealing with the Americans arose chiefly from the settled belief of the Americans that bluff and bounce were always the proper treatment for Great Britain. "The idea," wrote Lord Lyons from Washington, "that, happen what may, England will never declare war with this country, has become so deeply rooted that I am afraid nothing short of actual hostilities would eradicate it." The pleasant game of twisting the lion's tail has always been played with a feverish energy by those who at public dinners delight to call themselves our kinsmen; and the English politicians, who invariably counselled submission, have done far more to embroil the two countries than the fiercest Jingoes. After all, international relations must be based upon mutual respect if they are to be secure. And it has been for many years our weakness that we have approached the United States in the spirit of the timid poker-player. We have thrown down our cards without calling the other man's bluff.

This traditional policy hampered Lord Lyons at every step, and exposed him to the daily impertinence of Seward, the Secretary of State in Lincoln's Government. It was not without reason that Lord Lyons declared that Seward would be a dangerous Foreign Minister. "His view of the relations between the United States and Great Britain," wrote Lord Lyons, "has always been that they are a good material to make political capital of. He thinks at all events that they may be safely played without any risk of bringing on a war. He has even to me avowed his belief that England will never go to war with the United States. He has generally taken up the cry against us, but this he says he has done from friendship, to prevent the other party's appropriating it, and doing more harm with it than he has done." It is quite likely that we shall never again go to war with the United States. If we wished, we could devise no better plan for ensuring hostilities than in giving the Americans the plain assurance which Seward cherished, that nothing on

earth would persuade us to defend our honor.

However, Seward himself had a rude awakening. The affair of the *Trent* discovered, even to his obdurate mind, that the English were still alive. The episode is familiar to all. The English mail steamer *Trent*, with the Confederate delegates, Mason and Slidell, aboard, was stopped by the American warship *San Jacinto*, which fired a shot across her bows. Mason and Slidell were perforce surrendered, and the Americans went mad with joy over what seemed to them a triumph. Commodore Wilkes, who fired the shot, became a popular hero, and Lord Lyons justly deplored his uncomfortable position. "I am so worn out," he wrote to Lord Russell, "with the never-ending labor of keeping things smooth, under the discouragement of the doubt whether by so doing I am not after all only leading these people to believe that they may go all lengths with us with impunity, that I am sometimes half tempted to wish that the worst may have come already." The worst had not come. For once Great Britain stood firm. Nothing more dangerous confronted us than a flood of talk, which overwhelmed the whole American continent, save the house in which Lord Lyons sat, silent and solitary. "I suppose I am the only man in America," he wrote with justifiable pride, "who has expressed no opinion whatever either on the International Law question or on the course which our Government will take." Had he lived to-day, no doubt a ready stock of opinions would have been invented for him by the Yellow Press. But the Yellow Press was not then, and there was no cable to stir up strife and to darken counsel. Lord Lyons was sure that, had we enjoyed in 1861 the infinite blessings of telegraphic communication, war could not have been prevented. However, Mason and Slidell were given up; Lincoln did his best to cover the surrender to England with what he called a "sugar coating of glory"; and Lord Lyons frankly informed his Government that "the real cause of the yielding was nothing more nor less than the military preparations made in England": a useful warning, if only they would hear it, to those who believe that the best method of securing peace is to ask the enemy for a truce to armament, and then to bare the throat to the hostile sword.

In 1868 began Lord Lyons' long residence in Paris. For twenty years he shared the crises which interrupted the life of France with characteristic imperturbability. He watched the gradual decadence of the Second Empire. He was asked to perform many duties which his profound knowledge of the political world must have told him could only have been mischievous. In 1870, for example, at the instance of Lord Clarendon, he suggested that France and Germany should take equal steps towards disarmament. The proposal could not have been taken seriously by Bismarck, who had already determined upon war, and when it was laid before him by Lord Augustus Loftus, it is not surprising that he regarded the suggestion as "the act of a cool friend." "It is all very well for you," said Bismarck, "living in an island, where no one can attack you, to preach disarmament, but put yourself into our skin. You would then think and act differently. What would you say if we were to observe to you that your navy was too large, that you did not require so many ironclads, that you lavished too large a portion of the taxation in building ships, which in the peaceful disposition of Europe are not required? If we recommended you to diminish your naval armament?" The recommenda-

tion to-day comes from us to Germany, and meets with the same contempt wherewith Lord Clarendon's suggestion was met in 1870. Truly the past is fruitful in lessons for the present, if only our politicians could spare a minute from their rhetorical performances to consider it.

Like all other British Ambassadors in Paris, Lord Lyons was asked to sustain many attacks of Anglophobia, and he withstood them all with the quiet dignity we should expect of him. His impartial mind, his invariable tact, were perfectly adapted to solve the difficulties which have always stood, and which will stand again, like stumbling-blocks in the way of a good understanding. But in happy as in evil times he exacted the respect which he knew was England's due, and our country was never higher in the regard of France than it was when he represented his Sovereign at the British Embassy. And as we look back upon his career we see two points only in which his wisdom was at fault. In the first place, he cherished the opinion then prevailing that the Colonies were an incubus. He did not foresee the Imperialism which has grown up since his time. While he was at Washington he felt acutely that we were hampered in our negotiations with the United States by the danger of Canada. He sought only an honorable and friendly method of severance. In 1870 he gave to Lord Clarendon, a sympathetic recipient, his considered opinion. "I never feel comfortable about Canada and our North American possessions," he wrote. "I do not believe that we have the means of defending them against the United States in case of war, and I am by no means confident that the Colonies would be unanimous and enthusiastic in helping us to do so. I am afraid, too, that the colonists are beginning to see that in matters short of war we feel that we must let the United States do very much as they please—in short, that we doubt having the strength to resist them, and, unless under a very strong provocation, have not the spirit to try. . . . In fact, it seems to be in the nature of things that the United States' prestige should grow and ours should wane in North America, and I wish we were well and creditably out of the scrape." We have advanced very far from this tame admission of indolence, and were Lord Lyons to revisit the earth he would be astonished at nothing more than at the rapid growth of the Imperial sentiment. Not even the most fiercely Radical of our Ministers would dare to echo Lord Clarendon's wish that our possessions in North America "would propose to be independent and to annex themselves."

The other fault to which Lord Lyons must plead guilty is a dogmatic belief in one-sided Free Trade. He did his best to negotiate commercial treaties with France, and sadly owned himself beaten. "The only element for negotiation with the school of political economy now predominant here," said he, "would be a threat of retaliation, and this we cannot use." France, knowing that "England was a much more formidable competitor in commerce than any other nation," knowing also that she was pledged sentimentally to a policy of free imports, showed neither gratitude nor conciliation. From other nations she extracted concessions only by reciprocity. From England she could get what she wanted without conceding anything, and Thiers at any rate saw no necessity to be generous. But neither Lord Lyons nor the British Ministers would permit the only possible solution of a difficult problem, and England was handicapped by the very favors which she offered freely

to others. However, the impression left upon us by this record of Lord Lyons' career is an impression of rare sanity and perfect wisdom. Nor can we conceal from ourselves the truth that such men as he are not likely to be found to serve England in the future. The telephone has inflicted no greater injury on the world than a general weakening of official responsibility. The brain that is not used is soon atrophied, and how shall we expect an Ambassador to be quick of perception when he degenerates into a mere clerk connected by wire with a highly centralized Government? And there are other reasons why Lord Lyons would not have felt himself at home in this modern world. He was not, as Mrs. Wilfrid Ward says, "the type that makes the successful servant of democracy. Fidelity, reticence, self-effacement are not the characteristics that are prominent in the popular idea of the strong man to-day. But no one who knew Lord Lyons can doubt that these qualities were in him a great part of his strength. He was, and must always be to those who knew him, very much of an enigma, and it certainly would not have been his own wish that any great effort should be made to interpret his inner life to the world at large." This scruple has been loyally respected, and no more is revealed to us of Lord Lyons than may persuade us to believe that in him we have the best modern example of the complete Ambassador.

A clearer contrast to Lord Lyons in temper and achievement could not be found than the fourth Earl of Clarendon, whose "Life and Letters," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, have recently been published. If we followed the method of Plutarch we could find in these two men no chance of parallel.[2] They were as the poles apart in character and in talent. Lord Lyons was wholly and exclusively a diplomatist. He cared nothing, as we have seen, for society or the outside world. Lord Clarendon, on the other hand, delighted in the company of his fellows, in the free interchange of social courtesies. He was as ready in speech as Lord Lyons was shy. He lived at large with ease and pleasure, while Lord Lyons shut himself up austerely in his Embassy. And, as he is presented in Sir Herbert Maxwell's entertaining volumes, he is undoubtedly a gracious and attractive figure. In the skilful hands of his biographer, his life becomes no mere record of political service, but a vivid picture of English society and English manners as they were observed in the nineteenth century. Sir Herbert has had the good fortune to discover excellent journals and vivacious letters, and he has made the best possible use of them. If we have to choose a dominant characteristic in this eminent Minister, it would be the faculty of conciliation. Wedded though he was to party and its warfare, he never forgot the tact and courtesy of the great gentleman. Gladstone found him, of all the colleagues who had passed through his Cabinets, the easiest and most attractive. As an example of his power, the ascendancy which he obtained and preserved over Napoleon III. may well be cited. An anecdote, told by Sir Herbert Maxwell, illustrates more plainly than a page of comment his undisputed influence. "'Never in my life,' said Bismarck to Lord Clarendon's daughter, Lady Emily Russell, 'was I more glad to hear of anything than I was to hear of your father's death.' Lady Emily was naturally taken aback by such an extraordinary speech, and showed it; whereupon Bismarck, patting her hand, said, 'Ach, dear Lady, you must not take

[2] "The Life and Letters of George William Frederick, Fourth Earl of Clarendon." By the Right Hon. Herbert Maxwell. 2 vols. London: Arnold.

it like that. What I mean is that, if your father had lived, he would have prevented the war.'" That is a very high tribute, perhaps not wholly deserved. But at least it reveals the good opinion of one who was never lavish of praise. And if we set beside Bismarck's eulogy the portrait drawn by Henry Reeve, we shall see clearly enough how Lord Clarendon appeared to his contemporaries. "By the common consent of those," wrote Reeve, "who are acquainted with the society of England, Lord Clarendon was regarded as the most finished gentleman, the most charming and genial companion, and the most accomplished Foreign Minister of our time. His person in early life was singularly handsome. He had the air of refinement which Vandyke was wont to give to his portraits, and which seemed as much an inheritance of George Villiers as his name. Even in age, when the hair grew thin and the face blanched with toil, his eye had lost none of its brightness, nor his figure any of its unstudied elegance. His manners to men of every degree and of every country had a charm which unbent the most rugged antagonist, and inspired confidence alike to the timid and suspicious." The portrait is painted in the colors of panegyric, which do not recall for a moment the sternly concentrated devotion of Lord Lyons to the business of diplomacy. But if we must end on a parallel, let it be said that each of these distinguished men spent his life in the willing service of his country, and that neither renounced that service until the last summons of death came to him.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER V.

Octavia, my sister, married to Robert Warden, King's Counsel, lives at 27 Berkshire Gardens, and is a person who is able to give advice to anybody. It is also true that most people are the better for it. Her brother-in-law, for instance, who is a midshipman and takes his service and himself with becoming seriousness, makes a practice of consulting her by post or at private interviews as to his wisdom whenever he contemplates proposing marriage. Her mother-in-law, a yearly visitor to London, trusts implicitly her judgment in parlormaids and wall-papers. Curates ask her opinion of books; rectors of bazaars. Her husband places before her detailed plans of travel and holiday, and she makes no objection; as a rule, other plans are adopted.

It was she who had decided that I must go down to Arden Magna a week before I had meant, and it was she who had arranged that I was to dine with her on the Monday following and make my report. When I told her how I had spent the week-end, and spoke also of the following week, she became decided at once.

"Of course," she said. "Every week. I shall go down there myself as soon as I can possibly manage it. But you —why, of course you must go down every Saturday. It will be extremely good for you. Besides, what else is there for you to do?"

Being a working journalist and a would-be author, desirous of adding to the shelves of the British Museum an anthology, a novel, a collection of essays and a work of reference, besides other volumes belonging to a dim future raining with requests from publishers, I explained why it was undesirable to spend every Saturday and

Sunday in the depths of the country in the company of a family of children.

"Stuff!" she said. "And nonsense! But especially stuff! That's precisely what you do, and what you oughtn't to be doing. You write your dull political leaders which nobody reads, and you go reading absurd musty old books which nobody ought to have written, and you spend your evenings digging in libraries, and your mornings in the Museum reading-room, and your afternoons in the reading-room of the Museum—and that's what your whole life has come to be, nothing but reading and writing and writing and reading."

I said I was paid to read and write.

"You won't be for long, then. Not unless you go out. Out of doors, I mean. Out of large doors into large airy places, where you can breathe and see. You're looking too close at things. You're getting to see nothing in the world but print. You think all you want to make something out of is books; and it isn't. It's earth and water."

Octavia has a way of nodding her head so that her chin tilts sideways and upwards. Her eyes are gray, and she can assume an air of the profoundest wisdom.

"But if I go down to Arden every week—" I began.

"There aren't any buts or ifs," said Octavia.

So I went. This time I was to stay at the Grange, not at the "Feathers"; a letter in Peggy's quaint spiky writing had invited me. I was to drive to the Grange and to take the children on to the Rectory, where, as I understood from Murray, they were expected to arrive from three to half-past, in order to play in the garden (walk round the paths, was Murray's version) before tea. When I got to the house it was half-past four. The children were waiting for me in the hall—it happened to be raining—and the boys' white collars had not been on for a quarter of an hour. I learnt a little later to tell the time very fairly accurately by Allen's collar.

"We're an hour late already," Murray began at once. Allen danced up and down.

"An hour and a half, *I* should say," he corrected with rejoicing. "We've never been so late in all our lives before."

"You'll be later still," I told him. "I must certainly go and wash my hands before we start."

"I should think you must," observed Allen with emphasis. Murray spoke to him hurriedly in a low tone.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he protested. "But doesn't everybody have to wash their hands before going to Mrs. Band's? Why, even Peggy—" I left him still protesting.

We arrived at the Rectory precisely at three minutes to five. Mrs. Band, Peggy told me, was prepared for me; she had made all the excuses necessary for my presence. I was not prepared for Mrs. Band.

The most disconcerting thing about Mrs. Band was that she invariably spoke to you with her eyes shut. She had rather fine eyes, with curiously large pupils that filled the iris with sudden black, and suddenly shrank again. Her hair was pure white and surrounded her head in massive coils; her brow was broad and her nose commanding. Her hands were large and well shaped; she was tall and robust, she dressed in plain violet silk and wore an expansive brooch filled with a lock of hair. Of her majestic presence the first impression you had was the solidity of the buttons down the front. Her voice was deep and resonant; you could imagine her addressing a public meeting; you could guess at her way with an erring

maid-servant. But it was her closed eyes as she spoke to me first, slowly and with separate emphasis on the syllables, which remain the insistent and prevailing memory of that afternoon.

In her left hand Mrs. Band held a watch. "One moment more," she proclaimed, regarding it at arm's length, "and there would have been the possibility of an occurence which is not within my recollection. Am I right, Septimus?"

I became aware of the Reverend Septimus Band. He was a fresh-faced, blue-eyed little man of five feet four or so, with sandy hair brushed very smooth, and an expression of great anxiety.

"My love!" he protested. "My love! Always!"

"A meal would have been late in this house," went on Mrs. Band. "Or rather, let me say, the meal would *not* have been late. The meal would have been ready and waiting. But the guests—the guests would not have been present for the commencement."

"My train," I began. "It would have been a pleasure to have been able to arrive a little earlier. But the train——"

Mrs. Band ignored the time-table of the South Western Railway.

"You are doubtless unused to children," she proceeded. "I understand that it was at your desire that Grace and her brothers delayed their arrival here, and so were deprived of their usual relaxation in the flower-garden before their meal. I fear they must have been disappointed, though perhaps they would not have admitted it to a stranger. With one who knows them well it might have been different." She turned to the children. "You are not, I think, accustomed to sit down to tea at the Rectory without renewing acquaintance with the Rectory flower-garden, Murray?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Band," replied Murray.

"But knowledge of children," went on Mrs. Band, "comes only from experience. Your experience, I take it, Mr. Markwick, is limited?"

I said that my sister had children from whom I had learnt what I could.

"Will you lead the way in to tea, Septimus?" said Mrs. Band. "I imagine that you, Grace, have seen to it that your brothers have had the exercise in the open air which they were prevented from enjoying in the Rectory garden?"

"It has been raining all the afternoon, Mrs. Band," said Peggy.

Mr. Band led us into the dining-room. His anxiety developed actively; he was in turn behind each chair, as each child took its place; to each as it sat he breathed "Yes," or "Here, I think," or "Dear child!" Two of the Rectory children, accompanied by their governess, Miss Stretch, were introduced to me; Selina, who might have been thirteen, sat very straight and had sandy hair like her father's; Philip, probably nine, was very round indeed. Both ate with a certain monotony. Mr. Band did not himself sit, but hovered; Mrs. Band, on the other hand, emphasized the act of sitting; you became aware that she was, so to speak, in session. In front of her uprose an urn of noble proportions; it was almost a monument rather than an urn. To gaze at the expanse of valuable metal, the handles like protesting shoulders, the spout like an imperious nose, the expressionless, eyeless surface above the nose, was to be drawn to but one conclusion—to compare it with Mrs. Band.

It was not until we were leaving the house that evening that I realized the precise meaning of the conversation at the tea-table. Conversation, for that matter, it could scarcely be called; it was rather permission to speak granted at intervals by Mrs.

Band. The Reverend Septimus hovered, handing plates of bread and butter, or stirring a cup of tea in shadowy backgrounds; Peggy talked quietly to Miss Stretch when Mrs. Band was not too openly insistent; Peggy even laughed, a proceeding which appeared a little to alarm Miss Stretch. It looked as if it would have done Miss Stretch good to laugh, and also as if she wished to laugh; it was also clear that she had decided that she must remain governess to Selina and Philip. But during most of the meal Mrs. Band was predominant. She had evidently made up her mind—at the time I did not understand it—that the children were in some way to be introduced to me through her; that I was to be shown them as she saw them, to be allowed to know them as she, graciously protecting, had known them from childhood.

"Murray, we trust, may some day aspire to a training in the classics. We trust so. The Rector has given his advice on the point more than once in the past. Indeed, I may say that he even went so far as to indicate a course of instruction for him, to prepare a list of the books used in the best preparatory schools. Murray no doubt still possesses—I think I may say still treasures—the list. Is not that so, Murray?"

"I believe Miss Lovejoy's got it," replied Murray.

"We still treasure the list. And in course of time we hope—we all hope—that he will be sufficiently advanced in his studies of Latin—not Greek yet, I think, Murray? I thought not—to proceed to the preparatory school which I understand was selected for him by his—by Professor Sargesson."

Peggy turned from talking to Miss Stretch and looked evenly at the half-closed eyes.

"Father didn't choose a school for the boys," she said. "I asked him, but he was too busy at the time, and nothing was decided."

"I think, my dear, the Rector did not misunderstand. I think the instructions were explicit. Murray, as I was saying, is to be a scholar. Allen—what are we to say about Allen?"

The expression on Allen's face was a little disconcerting. Murray, while his future was being discussed, regarded Mrs. Band with an earnest if somewhat unhappy interest. Allen apparently took no interest at all. He stared straight before him; he had begun in a corner of a large slice of bread and butter, and was progressing satisfactorily towards the middle. He gazed steadily in front of him, without outward signs of approval or disapproval; the slice of bread and butter grew less.

"What are we to say about Allen?" repeated Mrs. Band.

"Allen, we fear, will *not* make a scholar. Allen, we are almost afraid, when he goes to school—" Mrs. Band's voice touched a slightly higher note—"Allen will find that his days at home might have been spent to better purpose. What does Allen say?"

There was a pause which Allen, perhaps, thought it dangerous to prolong. He glanced at Peggy, then at Mrs. Band.

"I don't know," he remarked.

"We have Allen's attention. We have Allen's attention at last. Allen's career in the schoolroom, we have noticed with regret——"

Peggy met her with valiant eyes.

"Indeed, Mrs. Band, Allen has been working very well indeed. There is no difference between Murray and Allen. Miss Lovejoy is delighted with the way they are both going on."

Mrs. Band's eyes opened and closed again. Mr. Band, perhaps recognizing a familiar sign, ventured to indicate a general emptiness of plates and teacups.

"My love! My love! Perhaps, after tea, the games—the usual games, I think. At six o'clock——"

At six o'clock, of course, for Mr. Band waited the finishing of to-morrow's sermon.

"Perhaps Allen will now say grace," concluded Mrs. Band with proper severity. "And let him remember in whose presence he says it."

The Rector coughed deprecatingly.

It was a little after six o'clock, with the carriage waiting for us at the door, that Mrs. Band gave me the key to the position. The children were finding their coats and hats; Mrs. Band re-entered the drawing-room as I was leaving it.

"I understand, Mr. Markwick," she said in low and solemn tones, "that you have undertaken—without legal formalities, as we know—that you have undertaken informally the duties of guardian over our dear children."

"Guardian? Your children?" I began.

"You misunderstand me. I speak of them as our children; we have known them so long—all their lives, in fact. The dear Professor's children. My husband, the Rector, and the Professor—common tastes, of course, the common bonds of education and scholarship—it was so natural that they should have been fast friends. It was his wish, as the Rector would have told you, had he not refrained from mentioning it to-night, no doubt from proper feelings of delicacy—it was the dear Professor's wish that the Rector himself should supervise the education of the two boys. So natural; so right."

"But Professor Sargesson—I understood——"

"The dear Professor had naturally long been familiar with the name of my husband's brother's preparatory school at Whitestone-on-Sea. In the educational world, of course, the name is a by-word—a name to conjure with. And it was his wish, expressed, I believe, to the Rector more than once, and in no measured terms, that his sons should have the advantage of an education under my brother-in-law's roof. The Reverend Stephen Band——"

"But," I interrupted, "Peggy—Grace—I understood——"

"Mr. Markwick," said Mrs. Band, "let me warn you. You have undertaken the duties of a guardian over those young children. I say nothing as to our own feelings in the matter; the Rector's natural feelings—my own sense of justice—of what might have been expected between neighbors so near and so intimate. Of that I say nothing. The duties of guardianship, however informal, have, for whatever reason, devolved upon yourself. And I wish to warn you. At first, no doubt, upon so slight an acquaintance, there is much—much which escapes the eye of all except the oldest friends. But obstinacy, Mr. Markwick, self-will, self-assertion before elders and betters, these are serious failings. I may give a hint; a hint will not be misunderstood?"

"I think I understand," I said. And I said it too cordially, and realized too late that Mrs. Band was left with the wrong impression.

CHAPTER VI.

It was the week after the collisions of Mrs. Band's tea-party that I met Miss Lovejoy. Two points had become plainer from the tea-table conversation and the hints conveyed to me in the drawing-room; one, that it was time to choose a school for the boys to supersede Miss Lovejoy's gentle rigors; the other, that Mrs. Band had determined that the choice, if she could manage it, should fall on the school she had herself chosen. I did not ask the children for comments on this second possibility, but com-

ments were given me. When we had taken our seats in the brougham, to drive home from the Rectory, I expected that the repressed enthusiasms of the two boys would find vent in some remarkable explosion—an assault, at least, which should reduce Allen's collar to a normal limpness. Instead, there was silence and constraint; we might still have been under the superb eye of Mrs. Band. Murray and Allen sat alternately glancing at me and out of the window; all I could see of Peggy was the curve of her chin and the black feather in her hat.

"Have you ever been to Whitestone-on-Sea, Murray?" I asked, and both boys looked quickly from the window at me.

"Yes," he said with something of a gasp.

"That's where Mr. Band's brother's school is, isn't it? How would you like to go there next term?" I asked, and I meant him to know that I was joking. But Murray did not answer. I looked at him, and he turned away in the March dusk: then at Allen, and realized that Allen, aged eight, had clenched his fists and was glaring at me with extreme ferocity.

"He—we—I——" he sputtered. His sister laid a hand on his arm. "We—I couldn't *help* overhearing. And he—you——"

"But what's the difficulty?" I held out a hand in his direction and he appeared to think of thumping it. "Overhearing what? What are you angry with me about?"

"You're going to try to—Murray—we heard Mrs. Band telling you about the school. And about Peggy—and things about Peggy—and you said you understood, and you—we thought you ——"

"But I was joking. I'm only joking about Mr. Band's brother's school. You shan't go there. You shan't go anywhere near it. Peggy's going to choose a school for you, not I, and not Mrs. Band anyhow."

Allen still regarded me doubtfully. Peggy turned to me.

"He heard what Mrs. Band said to you in the drawing-room. That's what he wants to explain."

Allen had turned to the window again, and his hand sought in his pocket in vain. He picked up the window-strap.

"I forgot to tell you about Mr. Band's brother's school," explained Peggy. "You see, Mrs. Band has always wanted the boys to go there, and she used to send prospectuses to father, and then the prospectuses came to me with the bills, and——"

"Yes, and one day she took us there," interrupted Allen. "She did. She said she would take us all to the seaside, and we thought she meant would we like to go on the sands and bathe and go in a boat, like we did once when I was quite young. And then all we did was to look at beds."

"Beds?"

"Yes. Beds in a room, you know. In rows."

"Dormitories, he means," explained Murray.

"Yes. And rooms with nothing in them—just floors and seats. Like church. And we looked at them all the time, so we never went on the beach, because Mrs. Band said that wasn't what we had come to see."

"And then she asked us if we wouldn't like to go to school there, and Allen said he should think not indeed, and Mrs. Band simply humphed at him."

"Oh no, Murray!" protested Peggy.

"But she did though. You didn't hear—you weren't near enough. She just went *humph!*—like that—and said we should see. And we asked Peggy about it afterwards, and Peggy promised."

"Promised you shouldn't go there?"

"Yes," broke in Allen. "She promised no one should send us there. She said not even you should; she said that just now."

"Oh, I never did know such a boy!" cried Peggy, half rueful, half laughing. "One can't say anything."

"But it was quite true, Allen," I told him. "It's Peggy to decide, and Peggy who is always right, isn't it?"

"I wish I was!" sighed Peggy.

"You are," said Allen.

That settled the school question for one week, at all events. The next week I was to see Miss Lovejoy, and Miss Lovejoy was to explain the progress made by her pupils, and the stage they had reached in their study of the subjects recommended in the prospecti of the most eligible of the preparatory schools. Thus Miss Lovejoy to me in a letter; Miss Lovejoy, it was clear, was a painstaking student of the Latin language.

I met Miss Lovejoy, and the stage she had reached in the study of these chosen subjects became clearer. Miss Lovejoy was tall rather than short. Her hair was brown turning to gray, parted neatly in the middle and brushed very smooth and flat; her eyes were brown and nervous behind gold-rimmed spectacles; her complexion was fresh, there were no folds to her dress, and she wore a stiff white linen collar. The first impression you had of her was roundness; the next, duty. She seemed to have summed herself up in her collar. You must harden yourself, she had said to herself; you must be strict, stiff, severe; you are too round, too comfortable; you must be angular, authoritative, a disciplinarian at first sight. It was as a strict disciplinarian that she had decided to present herself to Allen; and he, with the relentless vision of childhood, had seen what Miss Lovejoy would have hidden, had plucked away all the stiffenings, and treated his governess for what she was—pliant, protesting, admiring, negligible.

"I—mine has not been, is not, a wholly easy task," she began, as she opened a drawer full of copybooks and sorted them into some kind of order. It was Monday morning; the children were out of doors in the garden, and Miss Lovejoy placed their lesson-books in small stacks according to the subjects, a little delaying the actual moment when it would be necessary to inspect and explain the contents.

"I have not experienced quite the same facility in superintending the lessons of the children," she went on rather hurriedly, "as I remember in the early days when dear Grace came to me in the schoolroom alone. Dear Grace has been a very easy and a very pleasant pupil; she is of a docile and industrious disposition, and I trust that in a year or two, when we are able together to put the little finishing touches which matter so much on her more advanced subjects, she will possess the usual accomplishments of a young lady. With regard to her brothers, I fear—I fear," said Miss Lovejoy, "that matters are not quite so wholly satisfactory as I could wish."

I said that boys were apt to develop on lines which it was not always easy to anticipate. Miss Lovejoy brightened.

"That is what I have found. Indeed, I think that in the case of these two boys, Murray and Allen, but especially Allen, the development of their nature is, or perhaps has been, exceptionally difficult to—to anticipate. I am bound to say," she added, "that my experience of boys has not been so thorough as my experience of girls. In fact, I am not able—I do not recollect—it is indeed my first experience of teaching boys. And I have found them—I fear to put it harshly in any

way—I have found them not entirely so—so encouraging as girls."

I said that boys required, perhaps, a slightly different method of handling.

"I think that must be so," said Miss Lovejoy. "Yet I have found that even among boys there are differences of character. Murray, for instance, the elder of the two, I have sometimes thought is naturally a quiet, almost gentle boy. But he is excited, led into regrettable roughness of behavior by his younger brother. With both I have felt it necessary to adopt, more than once, stern methods. Not the sternest of all," she added a little more hurriedly. "Yet I fear that I may not have adopted the best—the really *right* methods. Perhaps I have been too stern; I sometimes think so. Perhaps I have not, on occasion, been stern enough; I have wondered. Yet I have more than once feared that Allen—Allen especially—does not respond as he should to disciplinary measures. He seems—he seems," said Miss Lovejoy finally, "to have no real respect for punishment."

I said if that were so it was the very devil; that is, that matters were serious, and that we must be careful to make no mistake. Miss Lovejoy at the moment seemed to be hesitating as to mistakes in general. She picked up first one copybook and then another, glancing at each and rather hurriedly shutting it up again. She selected eventually a mottled blue paper-covered volume with the top corner of the cover cut away, and on the mottled brown of the ruled paper thus exposed the word *Latin* written in a fair round hand.

"With regard to history, geography, grammar and the English subjects," said Miss Lovejoy, "I have taught, or tried to teach, the boys on my own system. Grace, too, has helped me in superintending some of the English studies, particularly the themes. That, I think—the book that you have picked up—yes, that is Allen's theme-book."

Miss Lovejoy regarded me doubtfully. It was very plainly Allen's book. It contained a number of short accounts of historical incidents—Drake playing bowls, Raleigh spreading his cloak, John crossing the Wash; and here and there Peggy's spiky writing awarded marks and praise. Marks and praise, apparently, went together; if a mark was gained, the writer of themes had done well. If there was no comment, it was probable he had done ill; I turned over the pages and in one place found a remarkable procession of blots, which, however, had the merit of concealing a number of curious errors in spelling. There were no comments at the finish of this essay, but it was followed by the same essay re-written. This time the errors in spelling had been altered, mostly to other errors; perhaps there were fewer blots, perhaps the blots were a little smaller; in any case, the verdict "Better" came at the end of it. Sometimes the subjects of the essays were strangely obscure; there was, for instance, a striking fragment which began abruptly with the alarums of war, thus: *The young girl ran into the market place and her chest was heeving there she saw soldiers dressed in sheapskins...*

"Grace allows Allen occasionally to choose his own subject for his theme. He has a favorite book of his own, of stories from French and German history. Those not being subjects selected for his regular lessons, he—I think that Grace has found it has awakened his interest," explained Miss Lovejoy. "I cannot but feel that it is an experiment. I myself have made it my object in teaching my pupils to build on a solid foundation of dates and facts, rather than to allow the mind to wander from one country or period to another. French history,

too, I have always thought—the Revolution—the Bastile——"

"*. . .he was not even allowed his paintbox he had no one to play with him as he was seperated from his mother who was not allowed to see him so the dorphin got ill.* 1 mistake, good."

"I cannot help doubting whether it is entirely wise to permit the mind to dwell upon such things," observed Miss Lovejoy, glancing at the exercise-book. "I have talked over the matter earnestly with dear Grace. I sometimes fear lest her plan of permitting so young a boy as Allen to choose for himself may not result in arousing and stimulating the imaginative part of a child's nature rather than in adding solid food to a basis of underlying fact. I do not know whether we can *quite* do without dates," ended Miss Lovejoy a little mournfully.

I said that the results of the two systems mixed together appeared to be very satisfactory. Miss Lovejoy said she sometimes feared. However, she added, it was not so much the progress made by Allen which was causing her anxiety; she was chiefly anxious to consult me in regard to Murray.

"I have, of course, long realized," she went on, "that with regard to Murray the English subjects are not of the highest moment, and that the really important point is that he should receive a thorough grounding in Latin. The prospecti which I have consulted do not, it is true, all of them insist upon the point, but I understand that it is most essential. My brother, who had the advantage of a public-school education at one of the smaller colleges, has often assured me as to this point. Both Mr. and Mrs. Band, too, have more than once mentioned it. Mr. Band, indeed—I understand that you have met the Rector?"

"He indicated a course of instruction for him, didn't he, and prepared a list of the books used in the best preparatory schools?"

"Yes," said Miss Lovejoy, regarding me a little doubtfully. "The fact is that—Latin, in fact, has always been a slight difficulty. Not an insuperable difficulty, for as my dear mother used to say, 'What man has done, man can do.' It has not been an insuperable difficulty, for I think that we may claim—Murray and I may claim—that we have mastered it."

"Has Murray proved a difficult boy to teach?"

"It was not so much that. It was not that at all, indeed," said Miss Lovejoy stoutly. "Murray has always been a willing learner, if at times a little difficult to control. But I had not quite anticipated that preparation for entrance into a boys' school would entail a sound knowledge of quite so many subjects. And it was not until six months ago, when Mr. Band first drew our attention to the importance of an education in Latin—it was not until then that I had the opportunity—that I was able—that I, in fact, acquired a knowledge of the *principia* of the Latin language."

"I am afraid that must have meant some hard work."

"It—it was a little difficult at first. It would not have done—it was necessary that Murray and Allen—the difficulty in fact," said Miss Lovejoy, "was to acquire a sufficiently sound knowledge of the language to be able to impart the proper instruction to Murray. I found it necessary to be at least a page ahead of Murray in the Primer. I made that a rule," said Miss Lovejoy.

"And these are the books?"

"Yes. Those are the primers recommended by Mr. Band."

"By Mr. Band?" I asked. The pile of books dealing with the Latin language appeared to number from fifteen to twenty.

Miss Lovejoy coughed a little nervously. "The choice was a little difficult. It happened that the first occasion on which mention was made of the necessity of Murray beginning his education in Latin was at the Rectory—at tea, in fact. I have always regretted the occasion; I fear that in a sense I failed—I was unprepared with an answer. It was apparently taken for granted that Murray and Allen would both have commenced their Latin, and when Mrs. Band asked me what particular books had been selected for them, I was obliged truthfully to state that we—that I, in fact, had chosen no Latin books."

"And so Mr. Band chose them for you?"

"He chose them, I understand, after consultation with his brother. That was a little later. Just at that moment he merely recommended one or two primers."

"One or two?"

"Mrs. Band asked him to name one or two elementary volumes, so that I might take down the titles. I fear that the request for information on so elementary a point a little annoyed him, for at first—I noted it at the time—he seemed slightly unwilling to continue the subject."

"Perhaps he was unprepared with an answer," I suggested.

"Not in the sense that I was," said Miss Lovejoy, "for the Rector is, of course, a notable classical scholar. It was merely, I think, that he had not expected to be asked that question at that moment. He did, however, mention some books of instruction to me, and I took down their names as Mrs. Band desired me to. I have the list with me here. The five which he recommended are: An elementary Latin primer. An advanced primer. A primer of Cæsar. A primer of Virgil. And, for advanced students, Lucullus."

"Lucullus?"

"For advanced students. It is not included in the books which the Rector's brother recommended, and which the Rector procured; nor can I find the Advanced Primer. But the other primers are there, those of Cæsar and Virgilius Maronis."

"Was this included in the list of elementary books?" I asked, picking up a Gradus.

"Gradus and Clivus were bracketed together," said Miss Lovejoy. "But we have not yet been able to make a beginning with those. We have adhered strictly to the Course—the Course outlined for us—for Murray by Mr. Band."

I took up an exercise-book and opened it at a page which appeared to combine the eccentricities of phonetic spelling with the accumulated facts of a Blue-book.

"The Latin language so called from the Latins, or people of Latium, in Italy, who used it, was the prevalant cion of the Italic branch of the great Indo-European or Airyan fammily. The Airyan race was sittuated..."

Miss Lovejoy glanced anxiously at the book. "Ah, yes!" she remarked apologetically; "I recollect. It was a mistake. We began with the wrong primer."

"But didn't Mr. Band——"

"The Course," said Miss Lovejoy, "is in places a little difficult to follow. You will see that here"—she opened another exercise-book of which the first two or three pages were in her own writing. "Here we begin with Etymology. Then we go to Parts of Speech. Then to Flexion; it was somewhat of a difficulty to master flexion. Next comes the Declension of Nouns," —the Course, I noticed, appeared to be strangely prophetic of the headlines in the Public School Latin Primer—"after the declension of nouns come Substantives; then the First Declension A-nouns, and so on. That is the

grammar of the Course. After the grammar, you will see, comes Translation from the Latin, and after that Translation into Prose."

"But don't you—aren't some of these pieces a little difficult for a boy beginning? This one, for instance."

"Ah! that one," said Miss Lovejoy. "*The boy stood on the burning deck.* Yes. With that one—you will see it is only commenced—Murray was helped by the Rector. The Rector and Mrs. Band happened to be calling, and Mrs. Band suggested that Allen should repeat his poem and that Murray should translate it into Latin. I feared that it would be beyond Murray's powers, but Mrs. Band allowed the Rector to help us, and we made—we made a beginning, I think," said Miss Lovejoy cheerfully. "*Puer stavit*—yes—Murray knew *puer* at once."

There was a tentative knock at the door, which swung open slowly. The two boys, each grasping the side of a tray containing a jug of water and two tumblers, walked towards the table; one of the glasses, filled to the brim, slopped widely over the tray.

"It's a Monday glass," explained Allen. "We always have water in the schoolroom, you see, and on Monday we always fill the glasses as full as they will go, and then carry them in without spilling a drop. At least, I did once," he observed, apparently desirous of removing the spilt drops with a handkerchief. I trembled for the order mark, but Miss Lovejoy, with much determination, graciously overlooked the matter.

"We will say nothing about it, will we, Allen?" she said. "This morning—this morning, for once—we must begin with no marks forfeited."

"Well, we're not late, anyhow," observed Allen. "Because you've been talking about Murray and going to school and things. You told us not to come till half an hour was gone. So we haven't lost any minutes this morning, have we? That's how you lose minutes, you know," he remarked to me, pointing to the mantelpiece. Above the clock, pinned to the wall by pale blue ribbon, an oblong of perforated cardboard worked with colored silks proclaimed unanswerable reproach to the unpunctual.

"*Lost,*" I read, "*some time between Sunrise and Sunset, A golden Hour, Set with Sixty Diamond Minutes. No Reward is offered, as it is Irrecoverable.*"

As I turned at the door the boys were setting out their books—or Murray was.

"If you can't recover a thing anyhow,——" began Allen.

(To be continued.)

IN PRAISE OF SKI-ING.

Ski-ing is the perfect motion. I shall not qualify this dogmatic statement till I find a good ski-runner who prefers some other form of speed. I have met runners who have tried everything from an aeroplane to a racing car, from a steeplechase to a Cresta toboggan run. One and all placed ski-ing above all rivals. Aeroplanes used to raise uneasy doubts till I met a distinguished airman who told me that he found ski-ing more exciting. After the first novelty wears off—so he said—flying becomes monotonous. One patch of air is very much like another. Wind pockets are exceptional, whereas the snowy hillside is full of traps for the unwary.

The lust for pace is a passion for which there is no patent explanation.

But though we cannot explain the joy of swiftly changing our position in space, we can roughly estimate the factors which make for pleasurable motion. Mere speed is not enough. A man asleep in a train is travelling some sixty miles an hour along the rails, and some six hundred miles a second through space. Neither motion is a conscious joy. It is the sense of personal control that alone gives satisfaction—a sense that is most complete in ski-ing. To get the fine unspoiled savor of pace you must eliminate mechanism. The motorist asks for a costly and complicated machine and roads in good repair. The Cresta enthusiast craves a skeleton toboggan built with a nice adjustment of weight and an ice run that costs large sums to maintain. But the ski-runner is content with the knowledge that wood will slide on snow. The pioneers hewed a plank, tapered its end, and attached it to their feet with a rough leather thong. They needed neither roads nor specially prepared runs. Their charter claimed service from the hills untampered. The hills were white unto the harvest, and they could reap wherever they chose to furrow with their ski.

The sense of control is more perfect than in other motions. The ski-runner can attain speed of some sixty miles an hour and can stop within a short distance. Leifberg, after making a big jump, has swung to a standstill before reaching the level. The motorist pulls up within a few yards if he has good brakes, but the brakes do not like it, the engine does not like it, the whole machine pulses out its discontent. Nobody could stop half-way down the Cresta.

But watch an expert ski-runner. Forty miles an hour and not a yard less he is travelling. Watch him as he "telemarks" to a standstill. If he tried to force the swing by a jerk he would fall. He just sinks on his knee, weights and edges the leading ski, vanishes behind a wave of snow, and as the cloud falls gently back you see him—erect and facing the slope. There has been no wrench, no perceptible shock, and nothing to explain the miraculous destruction of speed, nothing save a bank of snow, like an Atlantic wave severed by the bows of the *Mauretania*. And yet, unless dynamics are at fault, force cannot disappear like smoke. It must have gone somewhere. There was power enough to break a leg, but the momentum has been distributed evenly along the length and breadth of the ski, and the ski have been steadily forced against the soft resistance of the snow. There is nothing jarring in such sudden arrest. A swift "telemark" is a wholly delightful sensation. Never does momentum disappear so easily.

Mercury had wings on his ankles. The modern Mercury has ski on his feet. And ski are a pretty good substitute for wings. A man and a motor are two entities, but the ski seem to belong to one's very being. The motorist lounges back in a padded seat. The Cresta rider lies prone, which is not consonant with due dignity, since, so says Sir Thomas Browne, even the serpent (before the fall) went erect like a man. The ski-runner sweeps down the hillside erect, with a natural and graceful poise. He creates pace without the aid of machinery. Ski-ing is autochthonous; it is born of the Mother Earth. Between you and the hillside there is an inch of sensitive ash that pulses with every beat of the slope. The ski form an intimate link between you and the ever-changing surface. As they rise and fall, leaping over hillocks, sinking into dips, they seem at once living, vital things, with a will and a joy that is all their own. And this is the peculiar

glory of our craft. It forces us to a knowledge of Nature in one of her most fascinating moods. The ski-runner must adapt his tactics to every change in the hillside, to every fickle fancy of the snow. The skater and the skeleton rider soon learn to know the tricks of the rink or ice run. But the hills are never the same, the snow is never the same, every slope is a revelation, every snowfall a new discovery. One moment the deep powder calls out for the swoop of the "telemark," the next for the close-cut swiftness of the Christiania, as with feet close together you force the whole breadth of the ski against the hard surface of a sunburnt slope. You may take a slope straight and risk a toss, or descend by the crafty stemming turn, dodging between obstacles and working downwards with sharp neatly executed curves. No sport makes such instant demands on the swift alliance of muscle, nerve, and mind. A mistake ensures that you pitch heavily on your face when the snow sticks, or on your back when it suddenly quickens. The summer climber has to learn the habits of the snow, but his decision is deliberate. He has time to think and probe. Not so the ski-runner. The wind whistles past, and only a mottled look on the snow down in the dip, or a ridgy appearance of the slopes far below, will betray their treacherous secrets. For him the snow is no inert covering of the hills, the shroud that hides dead pasture. It is very much alive with a multiple personality. It is full of joy, and full of malice. He will argue with it; he will curse it; as he rises from a sudden grave he will spue it from his mouth and expel it from his clothes with an oath. He will invoke its aid, and pour blessings on it when all goes well.

Let me try and describe a good day's run. For three days it has snowed, but just before sunset on the third day the clouds show signs of relenting. A queen of the hills unveils. The curtain of mist sweeps back, drawn by a giant hand, revealing the mountains that have put on a new garment matchless in its white purity. That night the glass falls thirty degrees below freezing, and you dream of that perfect snow which has fallen like a gift from Paradise to reward you for your patient struggles with a surface off which sun and wind have worn the nap.

The first day after a heavy fall is not safe for a long climb, so you amuse yourself on the lower levels, and wait for the new surfaces to settle. Another night of frost and you start soon after the tardy winter dawn. You climb for an hour up some footpath leading from the higher châlets, and then you buckle on your ski and follow your leader as he sets a deliberate track. He leads upwards through the forests where the snow still hangs on the reluctant pines and builds itself a nest on the burdened branches. Gradually the firs open out on to long spacious slopes that curve upwards in a sweep of tender whiteness to the pass. Here others have been before you, and the snows tell the tale of their labors. In summer a man may be dragged up the peaks and the patient rocks will give no hint of his ungainly pilgrimage. But in winter the writing on the mountain wall betrays the poor performer. For the most part it is anonymous bungling, but you recognize with a laugh the broad double track of friend Jones. Who but Jones could have fallen on that easy slope whose white surface is broken into by unseemly graves? And just observe that horrid curve which he calls a stemming turn; his patient stick has signed its own warrant on the snow. But there is the work of a master. The narrow spoor

has cut the hillside as sharp as a knife, and the long linked curves betray the tracks of an expert. Good and bad, they have left their work for all to see. But Nature is merciful, and sooner or later she will restore the slopes to their unsullied purity, burying even the bungling of Jones behind her kindly curtain.

There is a touch of personal romance in ski-tracks. I remember long ago crossing a great glacier pass. As we worked our way upwards the spoor of two unknown ski-runners kept us company. They had descended the pass some days before and their long unbroken tracks proclaimed their skill. Their moments of triumph and disaster were recorded on the sensitive surface. I shall never meet them, and if I did we should pass as strangers, yet somehow when we lost their track we seemed to have parted from friends.

Even the patient uphill zigzags have a certain beauty as they creep stealthily upward from the forest to the skyline. On ski you can never climb at a steep angle, but somehow or other your goal draws nearer. and after a lunch in the sun and the best of pipes, you at last reach the cairn.

You scrape the snow from your ski, and adjust the binding. Through the day you have been taking mental notes of the best line; you seize a last chance of deciding the course. It is afternoon and the sun has lost its power. The frost has captured the slopes and transformed them into beds of soft crystals which rustle against your ski like autumn leaves. Your leader starts downwards. He begins cautiously with some downhill "telemarks," then gradually speeds up and swings downward in "winding bouts of linked music long drawn out." Now he is taking everything straight. He is hidden in a trailing cloud. In an inconceivably short time he reappears far below, a black spot against the whiteness. He is a fine performer, and he has covered five hundred vertical feet in two minutes. This section took you forty minutes to climb. A laugh and a shout float upwards, and you realize that your turn has come. You give a last glance at your ski and pause on the brink to choose your line. This moment is half suspense and half a quickening joy. But your ski are impatient. They strain at the leash, and before you know it they are off. And you hear a sound whose echo haunts the long summer months, the sibilant hiss of the snow as your ski plough through the crystals. A few curves and then you set your teeth for a straight run. The wind roars by. A tempest deafens you. A hurricane sucks the breath out of your body. A wave of crystals is driven breast-high. The forest rushes up to meet you. A lonely fir swings upward like a telegraph-pole seen from an express train. A wild song sings in your heart, your whole being is on fire with speed. The slope changes suddenly. You set your teeth and vow that you will not collapse through sheer terror. You lean back a little as you reach the hollow, and then throw yourself forward, sinking low down, as your ski are uplifted on a sudden rise. The pace carries you uphill and over down on to a gentler gradient. You realize (to your intense astonishment) that you have not fallen. And as you sweep sedately down the milder slopes the concentrated emotions of the last few seconds find expression in a wild whoop of joy. At such moments even the most prosaic become vocal. The hurricane dies away, and a gentle breeze sings in your ears as you sail downward. You are playing with gravity, you are the master of the snow. You can make it yield like water or resist like iron.

Suddenly you exert your power—a swish, and you are at rest. The crystals sprayed upwards and "the slabberie snow broth relented and melted about your heeles." Strange that an Elizabethan should have struck out this phrase.[1] If only they had ski-d, what epics we might have enjoyed!

And as you turn to study with quiet satisfaction the furrow cut by your ski, the others swoop past. The sun dips behind the hill, and its light catches the snow-crystal spray thrown up in flames of fire. Very literally do they trail clouds of glory, and even friend Jones in his shirt of flame seems an angel of light.

This moment before the actual sunset is more beautiful than the dramatic glow. The light is thrown slantwise across the snow, and the sparkling surface glows with a thousand diamond points. A group of trees near the skyline is suddenly transformed into molten silver. You pass onwards through a glade of pines, and as the night creeps up from the valley you make your last swing in the river basin. You feel very sorrowful—more so than in England, for you realize that, after all, you have a kinship with the creeping things, and that though for a spell you have borrowed the wings of a dove, yet this brief hour is only a glimpse into Paradise, a ἡδονὴ μονόχρονος of perfect bliss. The burden of your mortality weighs heavy on you, and you reflect sadly that as yet no prophet has held out the remotest hope of snow in the world to come.

Of jumping I can only speak as an onlooker, but I shall not readily forget the thrill with which I first saw a Norwegian launched into space. The whole setting was perfect. The dark firs showed up bravely against the turquoise sky and the splendor of white sunlit hills. The jump was built on an open glade between the thickly wooded pines. It was draped in flags. Above it the gradient was about twenty degrees, below nearer thirty. A great crowd had assembled, and gave the whole performance the stimulus of collective emotion. You felt that a thousand men and women were holding their breath at the same moment, that a thousand limbs relaxed as the runner sped safely down to the level.

We could just see him standing at the top of the hill. He scraped his ski, and then, suddenly grasping a pole in each hand, give a vigorous punt downhill. Throwing the poles aside, he swept down on to the platform.[2] A few yards before reaching the edge he stooped down till his fingers rested lightly on his ankles. Then, as he shot forward over the platform, he straightened out like a dart, and with a sharp vigorous movement swung his arms out in front of him. He swept like an arrow into space, and fell in one long advancing curve through fifty feet of vertical height. There was a sharp report as his ski struck the slope. Instantaneously he sunk forward on to his knee, thus broadening the basis of support and weakening the shock. Then he recovered himself, and, once more erect, shot like a streak of lightning—down the hill—out on to the open—a wave of snow—and he stood smiling as we shouted our acclamations.

It was more than an amazing physical feat. A trained acrobat is more impressive and his performance is

[1] Philemon Holland in his translation of Livy on Hannibal's passage of the Alps.

[2] The jump is, of course, a downward jump. The impetus of the run shoots the jumper from the edge of the platform. The length of the jump is measured from the edge of the take-off to the alighting point. The hill below is usually thirty degrees, so the vertical height fallen is about half the length of the jump. 150 feet has been jumped, and in this case the ski-runner fell nearly 80 feet.

certainly more dangerous, but he only awakens curiosity and alarm, whereas this brave flight has a touch of winged beauty; it moves one like music.

But ski-ing is something more than the divinest motion known to man. As the days close in, there are other memories that grip the heart beside those of the ski gathering themselves for a sudden dive down hillsides, asleep beneath their shroud of tender snow. These thoughts stir us with passionate longing, but they pass and more tranquil visions possess us. For this is the chief glory of ski-ing: it brings us into touch with all that is fairest and most enduring on the earth; its arena is knightlier and more wonderful than that of any other sport. And we look for a reward beyond the short-lived, though exultant, pleasure of the actual run—a reward which is treasured, though only a memory, a memory of days when life changed its color, and the world of commonplace endeavor slipped from us like a dream, moments when we heard half-caught echoes of "the deep music of the rolling world." These endure and surprise us by their rebirth in commonplace surroundings, and startle us by remembered beauty. We recall, perhaps, the great vision from the skyline which crowned a long glacier pass, the hidden and secret valley where the swift invasion of the ski seemed to wake echoes that had slumbered since time began, the silent causeway of a glacier softened by the radiant glory of a January moon, or some moment when the hills opened out and the earth fell away from our feet, and we looked down through the mystery of a great depth to the winding reaches of some half-frozen fjord, locked in by cliff and forest, and stealing its way westward to the sunset and the sea.

Civilized man often recovers, as a pastime, pursuits which were essential to the life of our forefathers. Hunting is an illustration, and ski-ing itself developed, not as a sport, but as the key to country impassable on foot. The skyline lured our fathers by its promise of game. They crossed it in search of food. The immediate need has vanished, but the pass still stirs our heart with its restless message. The true ski-runner seeks something more than ski-ing. He may find a perfect valley where the hillsides seem designed for his craft, and yet he will pass onward in obedience to this insistent call. It is pleasant enough to explore the best runs of a popular centre, and wind up each way with a game of bridge. Good cooking and hot baths have their place in the scheme of things. But there will be times when these things seem unprofitable. If you are a wanderer at heart you will think regretfully of the moments when you swung down through the gathering shadows on to some hamlet, nursed in the enfolding snows. You will see the scattered lights brightening through the gloom, and recall some low-roofed inn where the villagers barter the unchanging commerce of local gossip that keeps them alive through the dreary winter sleep. You will remember, perhaps, the room in which you supped while the children busied themselves with their school task and the women quietly worked at the spinning-wheel. In summer you would have slept in that big hotel whose shuttered windows are the only link with the feverish activity of the tourist season. Such glimpses of the underlying life of the people, changed only in a few superficial details, are the peculiar privilege of the ski-runner. You do not regret the hotel lounge, for you feel that these wayside evenings are in the same key as the days dedicated to freedom and light.

Next morning your host bids you a

cheery godspeed and you pass upwards to a new skyline with its eternal promise. Somehow the divide between the valley of quiet memory and the valley of quickening hope is a watershed of conflicting desire. Half reluctantly you part from the long defile whose secrets you have cherished through many an hour of unfolding beauty. Far away in the west you greet the pass crossed three days ago, a small notch against the unplumbed sky. Sixty miles away—an express train could devour the distance in an hour. But you have learned a better measure than the scale of furlong, as the academic statements of the map translated themselves into terms of experience. By the sweat of your brow you have worked from pass to pass. There is an intellectual satisfaction in mentally linking up valleys and ridges into one consistent system. The watersheds fall into place, and you feel the Alps not as one unbroken chain, but as a sequence of connecting and parallel ranges. The sense of travel is emphasized when two passes carry you through three languages. Often you feel that you are moving through time as well as space, as you leave in the morning some shrine of mediæval faith, unwashed by the high tides of the ages, and glide down in the evening on to some broad and peopled valley where the Reformation has left stranded on the shore a trim little Zwinglian church.

The wanderer gets the best out of ski-ing even though he never crosses the summer snowline, and yet, if the great mountains have ever claimed him, their call will never seem so certain as in the seasons when their secrets are most jealously guarded. The mountaineer cares little that the actual ski-ing is often far from pleasant on those higher snows, exposed to wind and sun. In August the fashionable peaks have only a few hours of respite. They discard the tardy climber after sunset, and their repose is broken before dawn by the first batch of importunate invaders. The terms of capitulation are scored by numberless tracks into the heart of the long-suffering snows. It is otherwise in winter. The majority of valleys, overcrowded in summer, have no possible attraction for the winter tourist. The glens that wind into the heart of the wintry hills will be busy only with that simple toil, the child of necessity, the labor that is as old as the hills that fashion it. The club huts on the banks of the glaciers are no longer the focus of untiring activity. In summer each new arrival is an unwelcome intruder on their small resources, but in winter you welcome like a brother some stray ski-runner, for an uneasy sense of sacrilege sometimes disturbs the invader of these inviolate snows. The spirit of the place resents you, and you derive moral support from the friendly companionship of your kind. The hills have recaptured their immortal maidenhood. The storms have swept as of old across that mountain land, and have buried all trace of their feverish commerce with man. With the winter snow comes the healing gift of forgetfulness.

The winter Alps fulfil themselves in many ways. You are most conscious of their glory when the intolerable beauty of the moon throws into subtle relief every swell, every ripple, graven by wind and sun on the snows that are the ancestors of kingly glaciers. You respond as easily to their music in some quiet hour on the brow of a sovereign peak. Down in the shaded valleys winter still reigns, but up there, in the color and light, you could fancy yourself dreaming away an idle hour on the shores of the April Aegean. A whole world of

mountains and lesser foothills pass upwards, with a suggestion of rhythmical motion, to the rim of the far horizon, a thousand miles in circumference. In the north, Germany shows her dark forests; in the south, a hint of the Apennines whispers of warm lagoons and eternal summer. The magic of the atmosphere binds the distant hills in webs of intangible sapphire, tenderest of all conceivable tints. The more glaring contrasts of summer may be lacking, but there is a more refined fascination in the thousand tones of color that separate the warmth of the lake, showing between caressing hills, and the delicate shimmer of snows one hundred miles away.

And who can forget the seven miles of glacier that he descended in one unbroken motion? The slope was so even and unchanging that he seemed to be standing still while the valley glided upwards and the bounding cliffs moved by to a stately measure. Then slowly the earth lost its swiftness. There was a light pressure on the soles of his feet, as the glacier stopped moving and the snows came to rest. But these things must be felt.

And who knows the pain and pen-

The Cornhill Magazine.

alties of our craft better than ourselves? We have stepped from the warmth of a club hut into forty degrees of frost. We have, perhaps, been chased down the slopes while the night swallowed up the valleys, and the fear of a forced bivouac gripped our hearts. We may have known the frenzied rage of a winter storm beside which the summer hurricane is gentle and forbearing. And yet, even in the moments when we have vowed never again to leave the lower hills, we have known that such oaths are made only to be broken. For the sterner element has its part, and binds us more closely to the hills. I do not wish to discount the more obvious pleasures of the Alpine holiday, and yet, somehow, I can never look from the windows of a great hotel, out on to the snows of old adventure, without a quickening of the pulse and an overmastering desire for the secret and silent valleys where gymkhanas cease from troubling and the turkey trots no more. Just as surely as autumn calls the swallow to the south, so the shortening of the days carries a warrant from the white Paradise whose magic casements reveal some vision of ultimate beauty.

Arnold Lunn.

DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.

I.—*H. Granville Barker.*

If we had to choose an English dramatist of to-day to represent the latest growth of our culture and modernity, we should have to select Mr. Barker. He is our most modern and most intellectual dramatist, though not necessarily our most important. Modernity and intellectuality are fashions, and whatever else he is, Mr. Barker is thoroughly fashionable and up-to-date. Though the thought in his plays reflects the latest ideals of a certain section of society, it never goes beyond it and takes up the attitude of leadership. Though Mr. Barker's characters discuss rather revolutionary ideas, and are usually progressive people or foils to progressive people, he is no revolutionary himself. But he has helped to make intellectual revolt respectable and fashionable.

In one play only, "The Marrying of

Ann Leete," his first and, in some ways, his most charming play, do we get the promise of a burgeoning of those dialectical ideas sown so profusely into the soil of the last twenty years by that school whose latest representative Mr. Barker is. In one or two passages of that curious play it seems as if the truculent didacticism of the Shavian type of drama was to bear fruit; that, instead of having a dramatist perpetually showing us how wrong, and ugly, and foolish we are, a dramatist would create something real and beautiful out of us. Shavian Nihilism, it seemed for a moment, was to be supplanted by a new order of drama in which all the good things that had been fought for so violently in the old form should be quietly taken for granted in the new.

"The Marrying of Ann Leete" is a kind of Meredithian comedy, that gracious, aristocratic, rather stilted thing, but it has more of the drama of sense in it. Its figures are robust, though in their thought and speech they have a certain preciosity. They are quite businesslike at heart, though, and charmingly sentimental. Ann marries the gardener—Heaven knows why. Her common sense has been tremendous up till that point, but her girlhood blossoms in a frenzy of romantic impulse that borders on the insane, and, flouting friends and family, she goes to the arms of Abud the gardener, whose qualifications are that he is young and a man. The thing does happen, we know, and the effect is pretty in a wild, wilful way. "Ann Leete" starts in the typical Meredithian fashion of presenting a situation where something has already just happened, which the author seems rather to desire to keep as a secret to himself. The dialogue is full of sensitive ellipses, gaps across which the mind is invited to jump. They give the language of the play a Pitmanesque flavor, more scrappy than brilliant. We feel, as extended acquaintance with Meredith makes us feel, that sometimes this kind of thing is not so much the impatience of a brilliant mind with the obvious as a nervous habit rather painful to watch. But "Ann Leete" has its moments. The scene in the garden in the first act realizes the life of an eighteenth century country mansion in a wonderfully vivid way. Trifling, but effective, devices are employed to heighten the dramatic atmosphere. The protraction of the scene into the withering light of a new day is daring and successful. The very elliptical style of the conversation stimulates when it does not make us over-conscious of it. Ann's strange act, mad as it is, has a vigor and ferocity about it that are refreshing. "Poor Ann! poor Abud!" we think, and at the same time "Lucky Ann! lucky Abud!" and perhaps that is as it should be.

With "The Voysey Inheritance" Mr. Barker passed on, or rather passed back, to another mood. For since then his art seems to have lost direction, though it has gained strength, resource, stamina, and brilliance. In his later plays Mr. Barker appears to have abandoned any attempt to make a form for himself. He falls back upon Mr. Shaw. His debt to the latter is great, and obvious, and not disguised. He follows him in many things, from the typographial arrangement of his printed page to the use of theories rather than passions or circumstances as the moving forces of his dramas. His subjection to the Shavian influence is an artistic one, for it is adequately assimilated.

It is "The Voysey Inheritance" which marks the definite acceptance of the discursive-dialectical form of such plays as "Getting Married" and "The Doctor's Dilemma." Incidentally,

though it is too large an incident to pass over unnoticed, it is interesting to notice the similarity between "The Voysey Inheritance" and an early Shaw play, "Widowers' Houses." In both plays an abuse of power is the foundation of the plot, and in both cases the system which creates the abuse appears to be left triumphant and applauded. In "Widowers' Houses" the motive of the drama is the evil of slum landlordism. In "The Voysey Inheritance" the action turns round the tamperings of a solicitor with his clients' money and the passing on from generation to generation of this inheritance of shame. In "Widowers' Houses" Sartorious brings Blanche and Dr. Trench round to his point of view of the inevitableness, nay, the benevolence, of slum landlordism. In "The Voysey Inheritance" the attempt of Edward Voysey to put the firm's affairs right is demonstrated by the action of the play as futile and hopeless. But while in Mr. Shaw's drama the ending strikes us as ironical, curiously enough we are not conscious of any such irony in "The Voysey Inheritance."

This latter play gives us a wonderful picture of the inside of a modern middle-class English family where the women are nearly a whole generation ahead of the men in culture and social intelligence. The picture is all sketched in in hard, dry lines, but even its one-sided realism is ahead of almost any contemporary work in fiction or drama on the same lines. But English home life is not so ugly and arid as Mr. Barker paints it. He purposely excludes any sentiment from his representation, but English life without sentiment would be a monstrous thing. Our national life is not rich on the æsthetic side, and if you take its world-renowned sentiment away you leave it rather an ugly thing. There is a certain Hogarthian brutality as well as a Hogarthian vigor about Mr. Barker's characterization. The spirit of the folk in "The Voysey Inheritance" is tremendous. One's imagination tingles from their impress as one's sensibilities are stimulated and excited by contact with vital and masterful people. They are very national in their earnestness, in the way in which they make a business of everything they do. The intensity which they bring to the one or two objects in life which occupy their minds almost amounts to monomania. But you cannot argue them away. They are vital types, imagined vitally.

"Waste," the third of the plays, is written in a large and showy style. There is a certain kind of Disraelian luxuriance in the elaborateness of the wit, the dialectic, the social Machiavellianism of the characters. The convictions of all the people in this brilliant play seem deeply rooted. "Waste" is strongly conservative in spirit for all its surface modernism. It concerns the waste of a politician of brilliant parts through the inexorable social custom which declares that scandal must not touch one who aspires to Governmental honors. Trebell is intrigued with a woman; a fit of passion is his undoing; the consequences threaten to destroy him by forcing him from public life. He commits suicide rather than face disgrace.

"Waste" is a drama whose poignancy is distilled from matters of social import, thereby following the direction given by Mr. Shaw to modern drama, a direction taken not only by Mr. Barker, but by his contemporary, Mr. Galsworthy. The people here as in most of the plays, are tart, alert characters, rather over-sensitive and disguising their over-sensitiveness by a certain intellectual brutality. Their vigor, their efficiency is more marked

still than in "The Voysey Inheritance." Efficiency is their god, apparently. It is not always fair to argue from an author's characters to his own sentiments, but it is difficult to help drawing an inference from this remark of Trebell, the hero of "Waste":—

"I don't care a fig for beauty, happiness or brains. All I ask of myself is—can I pay fate on demand?"

There is indeed something of the spirit of Elizabethan buccaneers in Mr. Barker's intellectuals. They are brain-lusty as those old worthies were body-lusty.

In "The Madras House" the dramatist moves in his latest manner. We notice a sense of toleration, a kindliness not remarkable in the other plays. The trick of ellipsis is less obvious and less irritating. The manner is stronger and broader. The form is now definitely the dialectical-discursive one. The Huxtables, lower middle-class drapers, in whose drawing-room in Denmark Hill the play opens, are drawn with a firm, strong hand. At characterization, especially the characterization of comedy types, Mr. Barker is probably unequalled by any writer of the time. The description of the inside of that dreadful Huxtable family is one of the most ironic and merciless reflections on a certain phase of modern existence that can be found in contemporary literature. Mr. Barker here lays bare a whole social disorder or discomfort—the almost complete lack of society among such types as the Huxtables. Prevented by want of time, absence of initiative, and snobbery from any attempt at organizing a society of their own class, such poor beings starve socially and—except in a few cases—perish mentally from lack of interests and ideas in a community abounding in plenty. This is one of the points which, without definitely calling our attention to it, the dramatist suggests in "The Madras House." This fourth of Mr. Barker's plays is the most rounded, the best balanced in its philosophy. It does not end on that earnest note of interrogation which comes at the close of "Waste." Both sides of the question are now given. The sex-idealism of Philip Madras is set in antithesis to the sex-realism of Constantine. The polygamic notions of the father who turns Mohammedan in his maturity are contrasted with the semi-Platonic notions of the son. If the dramatist has his own point of view about this question, he reserves it as the learned judges do their judgments, yet just as discerning observers can often foretell what the judicial verdicts will be, so it is not impossible to see on which side Mr. Barker's sympathies really lie. It is his women generally who give his own views away, for he makes them the light-bearers of the plays, the folk in whom such ideals as they possess are elegantly housed. Jessica in "The Madras House" is evidently meant to be an admirable creature, the fine flower of modern womanhood, and Jessica is a feminist in an indolent, refined way. Philip gives us his point of view in the often quoted sentence: "I do so hate that farmyard world of sex . . . men and women always treating each other in this unfriendly way." That expresses a kind of sentimental Schopenhauerism, but Schopenhauer gave women up as hopeless, and Philip does not. Jessica's attitude is much the same as her husband's, as far as one can tell, for, of course, since he is her husband, she has to subordinate her opinions to the exigencies of the relationship. It lands the two semi-Platonists in a comical dilemma. She is his wife, she wants to continue being his wife, and she wants to bring about that condition of society when "men and women will

no longer treat each other in this unfriendly way." A difficult situation indeed, even, or perhaps especially, for a lady of Jessica's attainments and qualities. We can only leave them talking about it in the firelight of their charming home as the dramatist himself does, for, as he says, "the subject is endless."

Mr. Barker's women in general demand a word or two of comment. They are vigorous, high-spirited creatures, but no one could call them graceful or charming, with the possible exception of Jessica. One is aware, of course, that they protest they have no desire to be charming, which is really the one charming thing about them. But it must be thought that in his anxiety to prevent them from being sentimental Mr. Barker makes them a little too rude and brutal. This is the way that Ethel in the "Voysey Inheritance" speaks to her father about her wedding present:—

"I think that a cheque will give most scope to your generosity. Of course, if you desire to add any trimmings in the shape of a piano or a Turkey carpet, you may . . . and Denis and I will be very grateful! But I think I'd let yourself go over a cheque."

Mr. Barker is one of the most important English dramatists of to-day. He is more representative than he seems, for the culture, the ideals, sociological and general, in which his plays have their roots, are spreading, and belong to a movement which is still gathering strength. An intellectual movement, in Mr. Barker's hands it is turned into an intellectual art, but with Mr. Galsworthy we find it more obviously allied with emotion, as in the examination of his dramas we shall see.

II.—*John Galsworthy.*

Very different are the people in Mr. Galsworthy's plays from the types that Mr. Barker shows us. For the most part, they are good, solid folk, and one can trace their lineage back to the conventional figures of English comedy.

One of the remarkable points about Mr. Galsworthy's work is that he does not care or is unable to characterize his *personæ*, except in the most formal fashion. Mr. Galsworthy is something of a poet, and his drama is at its best when it is most spiritual and imaginative. Characterization is the work of the writer of comedy. Character itself is always more or less comic, being a deviation from the norm, a subtle caricature of some general ideal. Yet though Mr. Galsworthy's genius has not much of the comic spirit in it, he uses the figures of comedy for his plays. He takes traditionally comic figures, such as Sir William Cheshire in "The Eldest Son" or John Barthwick in "The Silver Box," and moves these figures about in the rarefied monochrome of his social plays.

His outlook is broad and spacious. It is the outlook of a highly imaginative man. But this sensitive imagination seems to satisfy itself by creating only atmospheres and environments peopled by stock figures. It expresses itself in the drama of social and economic rather than personal crises, though it spiritualizes and makes them fine in the same way that the writer of more human drama uplifts us by evoking ecstasy from the clash of temperaments. Here is at once the success and the failure of Mr. Galsworthy's art. He humanizes social contradictions—and drama is the spirit of contradiction—till they become real and poignant, and he dehumanizes his own characters by making them the servants of a theory, or a condition, or a social anomaly. In "Justice," for instance, not one of

the characters can breathe freely. They are all in prison, the police, the lawyers, the chaplain, the prison doctor, as much as poor Falder himself. Yet, on the other hand, to have extracted so poignant a piece of dramatic art from the difficult medium of a civic institution like imprisonment is a triumph of a high order. The scene in the prison, when from the tortured souls of the prisoners there escapes—more dramatic than a cry—the sudden madness which passes from cell to cell, and makes them beat their hands on the doors, is one of the highest moments that the modern English drama has known.

Mr. Galsworthy calls "Justice" a tragedy, and for this supreme moment of the play we may allow the truth of the title. It is something to have evoked life from an institution so crusty and weighed down by convention as our prison system. The feat has the miraculous aspect of true art. The description of Falder in his cell is wonderfully good.

"He is trying harder and harder to hear something, any little thing that is going on outside . . . he does a stitch or two, having the air of a man so lost in sadness that each stitch is, as it were, a coming to life . . . He peers into a polished tin as if he were trying to make a companion of his own face."

But of the effect of "Justice" as a whole, apart from this and one or two other scenes, it must be said that its pathos is too gross, too material for genuine tragedy.

Every one knows the story. It is supposed to have already ameliorated our prison system. Falder, a poor weakling of a man, no man at all really, but a peg on which a good deal of special pleading is hung, has forged a cheque in his employers' name. He is caught and convicted. We see him in prison, and again out of prison, and once again dragged back to the silence and the cells by the inexorable, unthinking law. But somehow one's sympathy with Falder is not what the dramatist meant it to be. Falder is not quite a human being. He lacks the very first instinct of humanity, the instinct of self-preservation. He is neither noble nor cunning. He is haunted by that ghost of English melodrama, the desire to do the right thing, which in this connection is nearly always the sentimental, stupid, wrong thing. When he has committed his crime, he makes no attempt to escape. He wallows in remorse. When he is released from prison, he will not, out of sheer obstinacy or stupidity, take the chance of a fresh start which his employers offer him. Presumably this play was partly written to indict our system of criminal punishment, and it certainly does bring home to us its callousness, its brutality, and its want of intelligence. But the weakness of "Justice" is the weakness of Falder himself. If people of feeble intellect come into conflict with law, they suffer, they are broken, we know, as they are indeed if they meet any of the violent forces of existence. But systems must be framed for the mean, not the lower types of mankind. It is well, though, that we should know what solitary confinement may be like. Most people of sensitive intelligence dare not think of it. It would hurt them too much, and therefore we must thank Mr. Galsworthy that he has suffered in imagination as he must have done in writing this play for the good of others.

Mr. Galsworthy has a long list of plays to his name. His earliest volume contained "Joy" and "The Silver Box," and his latest production is "The Fugitive," presented a few weeks ago in London for the first time. Nearly all of these plays suf-

fer from the constriction of the *idée fixe*. They iterate and return to their central notion. They have a kind of unity of mood, akin to the classical unities of time and place, which does really give them a certain lofty and tragic air, when one thinks over the reading or hearing of them as a memory.

But there is a freer dramatist in Mr. Galsworthy than the Atlas-like creator of "Justice" and "Strife," a dramatist who can clear himself from prejudice and the desire to take the burdens of the world upon his own shoulders and write with literary light-heartedness and freedom. In "The Pigeon" he shows us how free he can be, though even here some prejudices show themselves. Vivid and sparkling are the scenes between the vagabond characters in this play, the characters the author definitely intends to be human. But the satire is not, as the playwright evidently intended it to be, strengthened by the introduction of the social reformers. Canon Bertley, Professor Calway, and Sir Thomas Hoxton have no life, and social reformers are quite as human as flower-girls, or tipsy cabmen, or vagabond artists. It is false sentiment to pretend otherwise. In "The Pigeon" Mr. Galsworthy tends to exaggerate his contrasts. He dislikes the hypocritical pretence of the reformers so much that he cannot find sufficient sympathy for them to allow them the breath of theatrical life. "There, you ugly puppets," he would seem to say, "stop there, with your fine clothes, and bald heads, and sleek expressions, and I will show you what men and women really are!" But the puppets, being only puppets, are not affected, and neither are we. Yet "The Pigeon" has scenes of rare finish and effect. The entrance of the soft-hearted old artist Wellwyn into his studio on Christmas night to find his vagabond protégés amusing themselves, and the exclamation of Farrand, "Hullo! here's Father Christmas!" tingles with delicate irony.

We have here one of the contradictions of Mr. Galsworthy's work—that the man who can be so delicate and fine can also be so labored and melodramatic.

In "Joy," an early work, we see the dramatist in another and more charming manner. Fixed characters with fixed characteristics take the place in this work of the fixed systems and conventions which are the mainspring of the action of most of the later plays. In spite of the gayer, lighter manner of "Joy," Mr. Galsworthy's passion for fixity and solidity reveals itself. We are not shown a world divided, as in "Strife," into masters and men, into rich and poor, as in "The Silver Box," into prisoned and imprisoning, as in "Justice," but the characters are moulded almost as firmly as classes. Peachey, the governess, is soft-hearted about animals, and we know almost from her first speech that at the mention of any animal the Peachey motive will be repeated. Her remark "poor creatures" of the flies is typical of the way in which her character is expressed. "Joy," indeed, has a characterization but little above that of the "commercial" drama, little above that of the ready-made characterization of farce, and its claim to be considered in the category of modern English dramatic art can really only be substantiated on the ground of the advanced nature of its theme. The story relates the gradual discovery by the girl Joy of the fact that her mother, whose husband is out in India, has a lover. The crisis comes from the clashing of the temperaments of mother and daughter; the love and genial worldliness of the woman com-

bating the fierce virginal instincts and jealousy of the girl.

The climax is impressive if a little forced. To bring the protagonists into opposition, the author has to deprive the mother of tact, the daughter of nearly all decency. Yet, for all that, the words of her mother to Joy are strong and impressive.

"Am I to live all my life like a dead woman because you're ashamed? Am I to live like the dead because you're a child that knows nothing of life?"

The boy and girl love story, the wooing of Joy by Dick, is charmingly presented. Here all Mr. Galsworthy's sensitiveness and delicacy, all his fineness, which one cannot help thinking he abuses by the adoption of such heavy and crushing plots, shines forth to make a delightful picture.

In "Strife" again, social problems fasten upon his art. "Strife" is a grim affair, a typical, unrelieved Galsworthy monochrome with the gaunt figures of the strikers against their background of poverty and starvation. "Strife" is another "Justice." There are few differences in technique or outlook between the plays. In one we have the opposition of prisoners and imprisoning; in the other we are shown capital and labor at war. "Strife" is not such a good play as "Justice." It has no moment comparable to the prison scene in the latter play.

Not to mention "The Silver Box" in treating of Mr. Galsworthy's plays would be wrong. By many it is considered his best play. It marks a stage of his career, the point when the conventional comedy of "Joy" begins to be mixed with the tendency to extract drama from social crises. There still remains some attempt at characterization on conventional lines, but the interest has begun to shift from mankind to the institutions of mankind, from the general seen through the particular, to the particular seen through the general. In technique, in roundness, in subordination of detail to the central design, it is one of the best of the plays, perhaps the best, because the least typical or idiosyncratic.

While we are chilled at times by the feeling of thesis and the study which pervades many of Mr. Galsworthy's dramas, we must remember that the task he has set himself is a difficult and ambitious one. To synthetize systems with sanity needs a detachment which is only found in people of the widest sympathy and understanding. It is to make oneself the conscience not of one man but of millions. Bias and prejudice there are in Mr. Galsworthy's art, though I imagine he is not aware of their presence. His seemingly detached presentments of dramas of social and economic life are, no doubt, to him actually detached and impersonal. But the reader or spectator is never in doubt as to which way the prejudices incline.

For the courage to undertake this work England owes Mr. Galsworthy her homage. Any one can point out abuses, but to seek to make one's imagination—even if the effort be not always successful—the conscience of certain national conditions is a noble and arduous thing.

I have not spoken of "The Little Dream," Mr. Galsworthy's one attempt along the lines of the poetical drama. It is hardly a success, but it is very characteristic and interesting. There are beautiful touches in it, charming bits of description, images and fancies floating over its surface. "When a feather flies, is it not loving the wind, the unknown?" some one asks. A girl is described with "her eyes like pitch against the powdery whiteness of her face." But it is entangled with too much machinery.

Mr. Galsworthy treats his allegory in the spirit of Drury Lane. We have all the following characters—Moth Children, Dancing Lights, Death by Slumber, Death by Drowning, Flower Children, Forms of Sleep, Edelweiss, Alpenrose, Gentian, Mountain Dandelion, and also three mountains, the Great Horn, the Cow Horn, and the Wine Horn. The fantasy is weighed down by an excess of fantastic devices. When it shakes itself free, it is simple and poetical, but mostly it is held to earth by its too elaborate machinery.

Edward Storer.

The British Review.

THE POWER-HOUSE.

III.

That telegram was the beginning of my active part in this curious affair. They say that everybody turns up in time at the corner of Picadilly Circus if you wait long enough. I was to find myself like a denizen of Baghdad in the days of the great Caliph, and yet never stir from my routine of rooms, chambers, club, rooms. I am wrong; there was one episode out of London, and that perhaps was the true beginning of my story.

Whitsuntide that year came very late, and I was glad of the fortnight's rest, for Parliament and the law courts had given me a busy time. I had recently acquired a car and a chauffeur called Stagg, and I looked forward to trying it in a tour in the West country. Before I left London I went again to Portman Square, and found Ethel Pitt-Heron in grave distress. You must remember that Tommy and I had always gone on the hypothesis that Charles's departure had been in pursuance of some mad scheme of his own which might get him into trouble. We thought that he had become mixed up with highly undesirable friends, and was probably embarking in some venture which might not be criminal but was certain to be foolish. I had long rejected the idea of blackmail, and convinced myself that Lumley and Pavia were his colleagues. The same general notion, I fancy, had been in his wife's mind. But now she had found something which altered the case. She had ransacked his papers in the hope of finding a clue to the affair which had taken him abroad, but there was nothing but business letters, notes of investments, and such like. He seemed to have burned most of his papers in the queer laboratory at the back of the house. But, stuffed into the pocket of a blotter on a bureau in the drawing-room where he scarcely ever wrote, she had found a document. It seemed to be the rough draft of a letter, and to be addressed to her. I give it as it was written; the blank spaces were left blank in the manuscript.

"You must have thought me mad, or worse, to treat you as I have done. But there was a terrible reason, which some day I hope to tell you all about. I want you as soon as you get this to make ready to come out to me at . . . You will travel by . . . and arrive at . . . I enclose a letter which I want you to hand in deepest confidence to Knowles, the solicitor. He will make all arrangements about your journey and about sending me the supplies of money I want. Darling, you must leave as secretly as I did, and tell nobody anything, not even that I am alive—that least of all. I would not frighten you for worlds, but I am on the edge of a horrible danger, which I hope with God's help and yours to escape. . . ."

That was all, but it was a missive

calculated to shatter the poor woman's nerves. It was obviously the draft of a letter which he intended at some later date to post to her from some foreign place. It filled me, I am bound to say, with heavy disquiet. Pitt-Heron was no coward, and he was not the man to make too much of a risk. Yet it was clear that he had fled that day in May under the pressure of some mortal fear. The affair in my eyes began to look very bad. Ethel wanted me to go to Scotland Yard, but I dissuaded her. There might be something in the case too delicate for the police to handle, and I thought it better to wait.

I reflected a great deal about the Pitt-Heron business the first day or two of my trip, but the air and the swift motion helped me to forget it. We had a fortnight of superb weather, and sailed all day through a glistening green country under the hazy blue heavens of June. Soon I fell into the blissful state of physical and mental ease which such a life induces. Hard toil, such as deer-stalking, keeps the nerves on the alert and the mind active, but swimming all day in a smooth car through a heavenly landscape mesmerizes brain and body. We ran up the Thames valley, explored the Cotswolds, and turned south through Somerset till we reached the fringes of Exmoor. I stayed a day or two at a little inn high up in the moor, and spent the time tramping the endless ridges of hill or scrambling in the arbutus thickets where the moor falls in steeps to the sea. We returned by Dartmoor and the south coast, meeting with our first rain in Dorset, and sweeping into sunlight again on Salisbury Plain. The time came when only two days remained to me. The car had behaved beyond all my hopes, and Stagg, a sombre and silent man, was almost lyrical in his praises.

I wanted to be in London by the Monday afternoon, and to insure this I made a long day of it on the Sunday. It was the long day which brought our pride to a fall. The car had run so well that I resolved to push on and sleep in a friend's house near Farnham. It was about half-past eight, and we were traversing the somewhat confused and narrow roads in the neighborhood of Wolmer Forest, when, as we turned a sharp corner, we ran full into the tail of a heavy wood-cart. Stagg clapped on the brakes, but the collision, though it did no harm to the cart, was sufficient to send the butt-end of a log through our glass screen, damage the tire on the near front-wheel, and derange the steering-gear. Neither of us suffered much hurt, but Stagg got a long scratch on his cheek from broken glass and I had a bruised shoulder.

The woodman was friendly but useless, and there was nothing for it but to arrange for horses to take the car to Farnham. This meant a job of some hours, and I found on inquiry at a neighboring cottage that there was no inn where I could stay within eight miles. Stagg borrowed a bicycle somehow and went off to collect horses, while I morosely reviewed the alternatives before me. I did not like the prospect of spending the June night beside my derelict car, and the thought of my friend's house near Farnham beckoned me seductively. I might have walked there, but I did not know the road, and I found that my shoulder was paining me, so I resolved to try to find some gentleman's house in the neighborhood where I could borrow a conveyance. The south of England is now so densely peopled by Londoners that even in a wild district where there are no inns and few farms there are certain to be several week-end cottages.

I walked along the white ribbon of road in the scented June dusk. At

first it was bounded by high gorse, then came patches of open heath, and then woods. Beyond the woods I found a park railing, and presently an entrance-gate with a lodge. It seemed to be the place I was looking for, and I woke the lodge-keeper, who thus early had retired to bed. I asked the name of the owner, but was told the name of the place instead—it was High Ashes. I asked if the owner was at home, and got a sleepy nod for answer.

The house, as seen in the half-light, was a long white-washed cottage, rising to two storeys in the centre. It was plentifully covered with creepers and roses, and the odor of flowers was mingled with the faintest savor of wood-smoke, pleasant to a hungry traveller in the late hours. I pulled an old-fashioned bell, and the door was opened by a stolid young parlor-maid.

I explained my errand, and offered my card. I was, I said, a Member of Parliament and of the Bar, who had suffered a motor accident. Would it be possible for the master of the house to assist me to get to my destination near Farnham? I was bidden enter, and wearily seated myself on a settle in the hall.

In a few minutes an ancient housekeeper appeared, a grim dame whom at other times I should have shunned. She bore, however, a hospitable message. There was no conveyance in the place, as the car had gone that day to London for repairs. But if I cared to avail myself of the accommodation of the house for the night it was at my service. Meantime my servant could be looking after the car, and a message would go to him to pick me up in the morning.

I gratefully accepted, for my shoulder was growing troublesome, and was conducted up a shallow oak staircase to a very pleasant bedroom with a bath-room adjoining. I had a bath, and afterwards found a variety of comforts installed in my room, from slippers to razors. There was also some Elliman for my wounded shoulder. Clean and refreshed, I made my way downstairs and entered a room from which I caught a glow of light.

It was a library, the most attractive I think I have ever seen. The room was long, as libraries should be, and entirely lined with books, save over the fireplace, where hung a fine picture which I took to be a Raeburn. The books were in glass cases, which showed the beautiful shallow mouldings of a more artistic age. A table was laid for dinner in a corner, for the room was immense, and the shaded candlesticks on it, along with the late June dusk, gave such light as there was. At first I thought the place was empty, but as I crossed the floor a figure rose from a deep chair by the hearth.

"Good evening, Mr. Leithen," a voice said. "It is a kindly mischance which gives a lonely old man the pleasure of your company."

He switched on an electric lamp, and I saw before me—what I had not guessed from the voice—an old man. I was thirty-four at the time, and counted anything over fifty old, but I judged my host to be well on in the sixties. He was about my own size, but a good deal bent in the shoulders as if from study. His face was clean-shaven and extraordinarily fine, with every feature delicately chiselled. He had a sort of Hapsburg mouth and chin, very long and pointed, but modelled with a grace which made the full lower lip seem entirely right. His hair was silver, brushed so low on the forehead as to give him a slightly foreign air, and he wore tinted glasses, as if for reading. Altogether it was a very dignified and agreeable figure who greeted me in a voice so full and soft that it belied his obvious age.

Dinner was a light meal, but perfect in its way. There were soles, I remember, an exceedingly well-cooked bird, fresh strawberries and a savory. We drank a '95 Perrier-Jouet and some excellent Madeira. The stolid parlormaid waited on us, and, as we talked of the weather and the Hampshire roads, I kept trying to guess my host's profession. He was not a lawyer, for he had not the inevitable lines on the cheek. I thought that he might be a retired Oxford don, or one of the higher civil servants, or perhaps some official of the British Museum. His library proclaimed him a scholar and his voice a gentleman.

Afterwards we settled ourselves in arm-chairs and he gave me a good cigar. We talked about many things —books, the right furnishing of a library, a little politics in deference to my M.P.-ship. My host was apathetic about party questions, but curious about defence matters and in his way an amateur strategist. I could fancy his inditing letters to "The Times" on national service. Then we wandered into foreign affairs, where I found his interest acute and his knowledge immense. Indeed he was so well informed that I began to suspect that my guesses had been wrong, and that he was a retired diplomat. At that time there was some difficulty between France and Italy over customs duties, and he sketched for me with remarkable lucidity the weak points in the French tariff administration. I had been recently engaged in a big South American railway case, and I asked him a question about the property of my clients, and received a much better account than I had ever got from the solicitors who briefed me.

The fire had been lit before we finished dinner, and presently it began to burn up and light the figure of my host, who sat in a deep arm-chair. He had taken off his tinted glasses, and as I rose to get a match I saw his eyes looking abstractedly before him. Somehow they reminded me of Pitt-Heron. Charles had always a sort of dancing light in his, a restless intelligence which was at once attractive and disquieting. My host had this and more. His eyes were paler than I had ever seen in a human head—pale, bright, and curiously wild. But, whereas Pitt-Heron's had only given the impression of reckless youth, this man's spoke of wisdom and power as well as of endless vitality. All my theories vanished, for I could not believe that my host had ever followed any profession. If he had, he would have been at the head of it, and the world would have been familiar with his features. I began to wonder if my memory was not playing me false, and I was in the presence of some great man whom I ought to recognize.

As I dived into the recesses of my memory I heard his voice asking if I was not a lawyer.

I told him, Yes. A barrister with a fair common-law practice and some work in Privy Council appeals.

He asked me why I chose the profession.

"It came handiest," I said. "I am a dry creature, who loves facts and logic. I am not a flier, I have no new ideas, I don't want to lead men, and I like work. I am the typical educated Englishman, and my sort gravitates to the Bar. We like feeling that, if we are not the builders, at any rate we are the cement of civilization."

He repeated the words "cement of civilization" in his soft voice.

"In a sense you are right. But civilization needs more than the law to hold it together. You see all mankind is not equally willing to accept as divine justice what is called human law."

"Of course there are further sanc-

tions," I said. "Police and armies and the good-will of civilization."

He caught me up quickly. "The last is your true cement. Did you ever reflect, Mr. Leithen, how precarious is the tenure of the civilization we boast about?"

"I should have thought it fairly substantial," I said, "and the foundations grow daily firmer."

He laughed. "That is the lawyer's view, but believe me you are wrong. Reflect, and you will find that the foundations are sand. You think that a wall as solid as the earth separates civilization from barbarism. I tell you the division is a thread, a sheet of glass. A touch here, a push there, and you bring back the reign of Saturn."

It was the kind of paradoxical, undergraduate speculation which grown men indulge in sometimes after dinner. I looked at my host to discover his mood, and at the moment a log flared up again. His face was perfectly serious. His light wild eyes were intently watching me.

"Take one little instance," he said. "We are a commercial world, and have built up a great system of credit. Without our cheques and bills of exchange and currency the whole of our life would stop. But credit only exists because behind it we have a standard of value. My Bank of England notes are worthless paper unless I can get sovereigns for them if I choose. Forgive this elementary disquisition, but the point is important. We have fixed a gold standard, because gold is sufficiently rare, and because it allows itself to be coined into a portable form. I am aware that there are economists who say that the world could be run equally well on a pure credit basis, with no metal currency at the back of it; but, however sound their argument may be in the abstract, the thing is practically impossible. You would have to convert the whole of the world's stupidity to their economic faith before it would work. Now, suppose something happened to make our standard of value useless. Suppose the dream of the alchemists came true, and all metals were readily transmutable. We have got very near it in recent years, as you will know if you interest yourself in chemical science. Once gold and silver lost their intrinsic value, the whole edifice of our commerce would collapse. Credit would become meaningless, because it would be untranslatable. We should be back at a bound in the age of barter, for it is hard to see what other standard of value could take the place of the precious metals. All our civilization, with its industries and commerce, would come toppling down. Once more, like primitive man, I would plant cabbages for a living and exchange them for services in kind from the cobbler and the butcher. We should have the simple life with a vengeance—not the self-conscious simplicity of the civilized man, but the compulsory simplicity of the savage."

I was not greatly impressed by the illustration. "Of course there are many key-points in civilization," I said, "the loss of which would bring ruin. But these keys are strongly held."

"Not so strongly as you think. Consider how delicate the machine is getting. As life grows more complex, the machinery grows more intricate and therefore more vulnerable. Your so-called sanctions become so infinitely numerous that each in itself is frail. In the Dark Ages you had one great power—the terror of God and His Church. Now you have a multiplicity of small things, all delicate and fragile, and strong only by our tacit agreement not to question them."

"You forget one thing," I said,—"the fact that men really are agreed to

keep the machine going. That is what I called the 'good-will of civilization.'"

He got up from his chair and walked up and down the floor, a curious dusky figure lit by the rare spurts of flame from the hearth.

"You have put your finger on the one thing that matters. Civilization is a conspiracy. What value would your police be if every criminal could find a sanctuary across the Channel, or your law courts if no other tribunal recognized their decisions? Modern life is the silent compact of comfortable folk to keep up pretences. And it will succeed till the day comes when there is another compact to strip them bare."

I do not think that I have ever listened to a stranger conversation. It was not so much what he said—you will hear the same thing from any group of half-baked young men—as the air with which he said it. The room was almost dark, but the man's personality seemed to take shape and bulk in the gloom. Though I could scarcely see him, I knew that those pale strange eyes were looking at me. I wanted more light, but did not know where to look for a switch. It was all so eery and odd that I began to wonder if my host were not a little mad. In any case, I was tired of his speculations.

"We won't dispute on the indisputable," I said. "But I should have thought that it was the interest of all the brains of the world to keep up what you call the conspiracy."

He dropped into his chair again. "I wonder," he said slowly. "Do we really get the best brains working on the side of the compact? Take the business of Government. When all is said, we are ruled by the amateurs and the second-rate. The methods of our departments would bring any private firm to bankruptcy. The methods of Parliament—pardon me—would disgrace any board of directors. Our rulers pretend to buy expert knowledge, but they never pay the price for it that a business man would pay, and if they get it they have not the courage to use it. Where is the inducement for a man of genius to sell his brains to our insipid governors? And yet knowledge is the only power—now as ever. A little mechanical device will wreck your navies. A new chemical combination will upset every rule of war. It is the same with our commerce. One or two minute changes might sink Britain to the level of Ecuador or give China the key of the world's wealth. And yet we never dream that these things are possible. We think our castles of sand are the ramparts of the universe."

I have never had the gift of the gab, but I admire it in others. There is a morbid charm in such talk, a kind of exhilaration of which one is half ashamed. I found myself interested and more than a little impressed.

"But surely," I said, "the first thing a discoverer does is to make his discovery public. He wants the honor and glory, and he wants money for it. It becomes part of the world's knowledge, and everything is readjusted to meet it. That was what happened with electricity. You call our civilization a machine, but it is something far more flexible. It has the power of adaptation of a living organism."

"That might be true if the new knowledge really became the world's property. But does it? I see now and then in "The Times" that some eminent scientist had made a great discovery. He reads a paper before some Academy of Science, and there are leading articles in it, and his photograph adorns the magazines. That kind of man is not the danger. He is a bit of the machine, a party to the compact. It is the men who stand

outside it that are to be reckoned with, the artists in discovery who will never use their knowledge till they can use it with full effect. Believe me, the biggest brains are without the ring which we call civilization."

He paused for a second, and I saw the faint outline of the smoke from his cigar against the background of the dark. Then he quoted me one or two cases, slowly, as if in some doubt about the wisdom of his words. It was these cases which startled me. They were of different kinds—a great calamity, a sudden breach between two nations, a blight on a vital crop, a war, a pestilence. I will not repeat them. I do not think I believed in them then, and now I believe less. But they were horribly impressive, as told in that quiet voice in that sombre room on that dark June night. If he was right, these things had not been the work of Nature or accident, but of a devilish art. The nameless brains that he spoke of, working silently in the background, now and then showed their power by some cataclysmic revelation. I did not believe him, but, as he put the case, showing with strange clearness the steps in the game, I had no words to protest.

At last I found my voice.

"What you describe is super-anarchy, and yet it makes no headway. What is the motive of those diabolical brains?"

He laughed. "How should I be able to tell you? I am a humble inquirer, and in my researches I come on curious bits of fact. But I cannot pry into motives. I only know of the existence of great extra-social intelligences. Let us say that they distrust the machine. They may be idealists and desire to make a new world, or they may simply be artists, loving for its own sake the pursuit of truth. If I were to hazard a guess, I should say that it took both types to bring about results, for the second find the knowledge and the first the will to use it."

A recollection came back to me. It was of a hot upland meadow in Tyrol, where among acres of flowers and beside a leaping stream I was breakfasting after a morning spent in climbing the white crags. I had picked up a German on the way, a small man of the Professor class, who did me the honor to share my sandwiches. He conversed fluently but quaintly in English, and he was, I remember, a Nietzschean and a hot rebel against the established order. "The pity," he cried, "is that the reformers do not know, and those who know are too idle to reform. Some day there will come the marriage of knowledge and will, and then the world will march."

"You draw an awful picture," I said. "But if those extra-social brains are so potent, why after all do they effect so little? A dull police-officer, with the machine behind him, can afford to laugh at most experiments in anarchy."

"True," he said, "and civilization will win until its enemies learn from it the importance of the machine. The compact must endure until there is a counter-compact. Consider the ways of that form of foolishness which to-day we call nihilism or anarchy. A few illiterate bandits in a Paris slum defy the world, and in a week they are in jail. Half a dozen crazy Russian *intellectuels* in Geneva conspire to upset the Romanoffs, and are hunted down by the police of Europe. All the Governments and their not very intelligent police forces join hands, and hey, presto! there is an end of the conspirators. For civilization knows how to use such powers as it has, while the immense potentiality of the unlicensed is dissipated in vapor. Civilization wins because it is a world-wide league; its enemies

fail because they are parochial. But supposing——"

Again he stopped and rose from his chair. He found a switch and flooded the room with light. I glanced up blinking to see my host smiling down on me, a most benevolent and courteous old gentleman. He had resumed his tinted glasses. "Forgive me," he said, "for leaving you in darkness while I bored you with my gloomy prognostications. A recluse is apt to forget what is due to a guest." He handed the cigar-box to me, and pointed to a table where whisky and mineral waters had been laid out.

"I want to hear the end of your prophecies," I said. "You were saying——?"

"I said—supposing anarchy learned from civilization and became international. Oh, I don't mean the bands of advertising donkeys who call themselves International Unions of Workers and such-like rubbish. I mean if the real brain-stuff of the world were internationalized. Suppose that the links in the cordon of civilization were neutralized by other links in a far more potent chain. The earth is seething with incoherent power and unorganized intelligence. Have you ever reflected on the case of China? There you have millions of quick brains stifled in trumpery crafts. They have no direction, no driving power, so the sum of their efforts is futile, and the world laughs at China. Europe throws her a million or two on loan now and then, and she cynically responds by begging the prayers of Christendom. And yet, I say, supposing——"

"It's a horrible idea," I said, "and, thank God, I don't believe it possible. Mere destruction is too barren a creed to inspire a new Napoleon, and you can do with nothing short of one."

"It would scarcely be destruction," he replied gently. "Let us call it iconoclasm, the swallowing of formulas, which has always had its full retinue of idealists. And you do not want a Napoleon. All that is needed is direction, which could be given by men of far lower gifts than a Bonaparte. In a word, you want a Power-House, and then the age of miracles will begin."

I got up, for the hour was late, and I had had enough of this viewy talk. My host was smiling, and I think that smile was the only thing I didn't quite like about him. It was too—what shall I say?—superior and Olympian. As he led me into the hall he apologized for indulging his whims. "But you, as a lawyer, should welcome the idea. If there is an atom of truth in my fancies, your task is far bigger than you thought. You are not defending an easy case, but fighting in a contest where the issues are still doubtful. That should encourage your professional pride. . . ."

By all the rules I should have been sleepy, for it was past midnight, and I had had a long day in the open air. But that wretched talk had unsettled me, and I could not get my mind off it. I have reproduced very crudely the substance of my host's conversation, but no words of mine could do justice to his eery persuasiveness. There was a kind of magnetism in the man, a sense of vast powers and banked-up fires, which would have given weight to the tritest platitudes. Again and again I told myself it was crazy nonsense, the heated dream of a visionary, but again and again I came back to some detail which had a horrid air of reality. If the man was a romancer he had an uncommon gift of verisimilitude. I flung open my bedroom window and let in the soft air of the June night and the scents from leagues of clover and pines and sweet grasses. It momentarily refreshed me, for I could not

believe that the homely and gracious world held such dire portents. But always that phrase of his, the "Power-House," kept recurring. You know how twisted your thoughts get during a wakeful night, and long before I fell asleep towards morning I had worked myself up into a very complete dislike of that bland and smiling gentleman, my host. Suddenly it occurred to me that I did not know his name, and that set me off on another train of reflection.

I did not wait to be called, but rose about seven, dressed, and went downstairs. I heard the sound of a car on the gravel of the drive, and to my delight saw that Stagg had arrived. I wanted to get away from the house as soon as possible, and I had no desire to meet its master again in this world.

The grim housekeeper, who answered my summons, received my explanation in silence. Breakfast would be ready in twenty minutes; eight was Mr. Lumley's hour for it.

So that was my host's name. I sat down at a bureau in the hall and did a wildly foolish thing. I wrote a letter, beginning "Dear Mr. Lumley," thanking him for his kindness and explaining the reason of my early departure. It was imperative, I said, that I should be in London by midday. Then I added: "I wish I had known who you were last night, for I think you know an old friend of mine, Charles Pitt-Heron."

Breakfastless I joined Stagg in the car, and soon we were swinging down from the uplands to the shallow vale of the Wey. My thoughts were very little on my new toy or on the midsummer beauties of Surrey. The friend of Pitt-Heron, who knew about his going to Bokhara, was the maniac who dreamed of the "Power-House." There were going to be dark scenes in the drama before it was played out.

Blackwood's Magazine. *John Buchan.*

(To be continued.)

ISOLATION.

Dark Magian, thou didst set me in this isle
  Of my sole self, and with thine implacable wand
Draw round about the unnavigable deep
Of silence, where above no sea-birds sweep
  Nor any sail gleams, but for mile on mile
        The fierce winds of desire,
        Hungrier than fire,
Ravin; and sometimes far beyond
Reach of their violent pinions or my prayer
  A god doth walk the waters as in sleep.
"Learn!" thou didst say, and left me,—yet no Where
        Though eager to explore,
        I have searched mine island o'er,
Climbed quickening to the heights and in the caves
  Shuddering have hid me,—nowhere have I found
  The task writ forth—Only the silent waves
        With silence answer me
        Inexorably,
    And voices without sound,
  Shake out my folded dreams like banners borne to war.

Yet not entirely desolate do I dwell.
Ringed by the noiseless swell
Of that deep-bosomed vast that cradles Death;
The Seasons meetly drest,
Each in her wild-wood best
Do visit me,
With punctual charity.
And all mine island glows
With flowers or snows.
As to them seemeth well.
Spring with her blossomy breath,
Unseals mine eyelids from their icèd tears:
"Wake! Come with me," she saith,
"Thou art not yet the plaything of the years.
My playmate be,
And I will comfort thee."
Upon her bosom sweet with violets Love's head hath prest,
I stay me and so rest
A little while, then rise and follow,—follow,
Swift as its shade the swallow,
Where'er she beckoneth.
Wise-foolish, faëry games we play together,
Striving to read the runes o' th' foam,
Or to track the lightning home,
To his house of golden air,
Everywhere,
In every weather,
Spring and I go mad together!

Thus for a little while,
With innocentest guile
My Sweeting lures me from my melancholy;
Child-angels may not play
In more devout a way,
Nor with a holier folly.
Her to remain with me I supplicate,
Alas! too late.
For at a wing-beat arrogant Summer swoops,
And in her blazing tresses
My Ariel May dissolves like a white moth
By Psyche cast upon Love's altar-flame.

June wearieth me;
Such primal, fierce maternity
Lurks in her sharp caresses;
So bright she stares, almost as she were wroth.
Her gold look never droops,
Her breast smells warm of nectarines through her gown.
She hath no shame,
But suckles her bantling Autumn in the eye o' th' Sun.
I will lay me softly down
Upon her kirtle's hem, there to repose,
Till Autumn be a goodly wight, well grown,
And in his cap one dark, half-petalled rose.
Foretelling the wild blossoming of the snows.

Hark! I am roused to dithyrambic beat
Of scudding feet,—
Myriads that rush as one
In sonorous monotone,
Down, down!
Bright from the vats they come,
Purpling the hills and waters as they pass;
No hamadryad lass
But dances home,
To tickling of her faun's ear on her cheek.
And me they mock at as they flitter by;
"Sullen" they call me, "love-lorn" and "amort,"
Because I will not join their revelry.
One strikes me with a thyrsus on the lips,
Crying "Evoë Dionysos!" and I cry
"Evoë Aidon!" and she runs from me.

How should I love the season of fair fruit
Whose boughs hang empty? Once in maiden sport
I took October by his auburn hair
And kissed him lip to lip, saying "Now god! speak."
And I was full of glee,
When all his prophecy
Was fame and fame and more fame unto me!
Alas! among my tree-of-Life's dark leaves
One golden apple have I never found;
Such fruit as grew thereon
Dropped all too early bruisèd to the ground,
A windfall meet for step-dame Circumstance.
The harvest moon her golden goblet dips
Into the Evening's wine, Oh, not for me!
Who bring no sheaves,
Only this broken lute.
Reaper and gleaner both have homeward gone;
I too must go, who have not any home,
Whose hands are empty and whose garners bare.

Come, holy Winter, and allay the smart
Of earth's perfervid heart;
Seal up her ardors in immaculate trance,
Give benison and rest
Unto that dark and ever-troubled breast.
Redeemer sweet, who in one quiet night
As any savèd soul can make her white,
Come! and me too befriend.
My vesper orisons beneath the dome
Of thy Cathedral forest will I hold,
Where choiring winds their sad recessional
By Autumn's bier intone.
With wild-weeds over blown,
His faded pall how sorrowfully strown!
Yet summer's cramoisie were all too bold
In exaltation of things temporal
For this lone ritual.
Fairer the wan flowers in thy cloistered closes
Than any woodland glome

Flushed with the May,
So might heaven blossom when the children's angels
Bear them away
From tears, by Mary's side for evermore to stay.
And when for me tears also have an end,
May thy white petals only cover me,
Who was out-worn with roses.
Thine icy posies
Death will adorn who'll then my lover be.

Lo! where thine Acolyte
The young, pale Night
In chasuble of stars,
Doth swing the frosted censer of the Moon
Across the darkling bars
Of Day's Confessional.
Shrive me, O High-priest that hath care of men,
For if since sunrise I have little wrought
I have wrought lovingly, and much destroyed
Unmeet for offering. Absolve me then,
For I would listen to the pure evangels
Of Silence and of Sleep with tranquil soul.
I must be wending soon,
Great-hearted Death will bring my pain to nought,
I, who with Life's too brackish sweet was cloyed.
Will from that beechen bowl
Drink and be whole.

I have woven my Winter house,
All of red-heart cedar boughs,
I have named it "Fortitude"
In a clear and solemn mood.
Out of Memory's drift-wood fragrant
Sweet as Myrrh I've built my fire.
All the wild winds of desire
Fierce and vagrant,
May not pass the homely portal,
Shelter of one sprite immortal.
Yet how with clangorous wings,
And wassailer's mutterings
The very lintel shakes: "Oh, lonely fool.
Wilt be companioned by a broken lute
When kings would house with thee?
Be learned. Confess our rule.
I am Lord Lust of Power who bids thee ope,
Art thou still mute?
My brother next to me
Is Lust of Gold. No mightier can there be
Save only our great sister Lust of Life
And her twin-brother, Strife.
Hast thou slain Hope,
And art about her burying within,
That thou dost fear to let us enter? Fool!"
I listened unperturbed. My little door,
Whose latch I kissed when I did fasten it,
Is mightier than all their mighty brood,
More strong than sin,

Being seasoned with fortitude.
Yet who is this that creeps along the floor,
Pale as a stricken child,
With great eyes wild,
And torn wings all unfit
For any flight?
"Thou piteous, poor wight,
Come warm thee by my fire and in my breast;
—Take food and rest,
For thou art here by holy Mystery.
Tell me thy name?" Then he did answer me,
"I am Desire for dear Humanity."
Whereafter being sweetly comforted,
And cherished on my all of wine and bread,
Upon my heart.
He leaned his wistful head
And with my broken-lute such music made
As only he hath art
To waken, who with Seraphim apart
Did kneel and sing, when on the bitter rood
Man's mightiest Lover hung in lowlihood.
And I was half afraid
So terrible the beauty of his eyes
As they were lightenings from a heart on fire,
So bright as blood his passionate melodies.
So pealed the whole world's anguish in his voice:
Yet to all airs these only words were set:
"I am Desire for dear Humanity."

Dark Magian, who didst leave me in this isle
Of my sole self, nor gavest me any choice,
Nor clearly written scroll wherein to read,
Though sore my need,—
Spare me the terror of thy ruthless smile,
Be pitiful, lest somewise I forget
The one thing I have learned to offer thee.
Master of Mystery!
It is the triumphing music of desire
For dear humanity.
Ah, if grown merciful thou wouldst unbind
And set me free,
If thy grim rod might blossom with the May
And through the deep of Silence cleave a way,
And I go forth, with singing, to my kind!

Amélie Rives.
(Princess Troubetzkoy.)

The Fortnightly Review.

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM.

There is in contemporary revolutions an element of risk and apprehension, which has become normal only in the last half-century. Japan was the last Old-World State which was allowed to transform itself without the shock of foreign intervention or the danger of foreign war. Egypt, Persia, and Turkey have all discovered how vain it is for a nation which developed too late to hope that it will be allowed to conduct its constitutional experiments *in vacuo*. China enjoys a precarious immunity; Mexico is in imminent peril. The feeling with which the world of finance and diplomacy watches its *coups d'état* and civil wars could be summarized in a sentence. This sort of thing is an irrelevance. Revolutions were all very well in the epic age from 1789 to 1848, and nations should have taken their chance while they had it. The modern world has other business in hand, and it sees in the struggles of Mexican parties only an interruption to its own pressing concerns of trade, investment, and money-making. There are over 300 millions of foreign capital invested in Mexico, and the capitalists, not unnaturally, regard rebels and legitimists alike as marauders who are over-running their own estate. It is easy in general terms to expose the shallowness and egoism of this attitude, but it is much more difficult to predict with confidence that Mexico, left to itself, would speedily enter on the path of a beneficent evolution. Even among Conservative spectators, an able and clear-sighted onlooker, like the special correspondent of the "Times," can see to-day what no Conservative witness would have admitted four or five years ago. The dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, so far from being the blessing which it seemed, came near achieving the ruin of his country. He maintained a stifling order with an iron hand, and foreign residents, who asked only for peace in which to trade, were all of them his partisans. But he allowed the peasantry to be exploited and reduced to a state of practical slavery, against which it has at last revolted. He almost wholly neglected education, so that in its crisis to-day the nation as a whole is nearly as ignorant and as primitive as it was when he first drilled it into submission after Maximilian's adventure. He did not perceive, while he perpetuated his purely personal rule, that a middle-class and a small "intellectual" class had grown up tinged with European and American culture, permeated by Liberalism and Socialism, critical, restless, and determined, it hardly knew how, to raise its unhappy country to the level of a European democracy. The European residents, thinking only of their trade, were as blind to all this as Diaz himself, and when another if less capable dictator arose, in the person of Huerta, they imagined that the old order of things could be comfortably restored. A new-comer who looks about him and thinks of something more than the momentary interests of business, sees, as they do not, that the time has gone by for the old ruthless repression. With the awakening of discontent among the masses, however illiterate they may be, and among the "intellectuals," however crude their culture, personal rule after the manner of Diaz and Huerta has become an intolerable anachronism. But what is the alternative?

It is impossible, with all the information we possess, to bestow on the Mexican rebels the summary blessing which is the traditional right of a people "rightly struggling to be free."

They also are Mexicans, and rebels against a despotism bear in their own minds the curse of the conditions against which they are in revolt. We cannot question the substantial fairness of the picture which observers like the "Times" correspondent have drawn of them. It is easier to revolt against Diaz and Huerta than to throw off the influence of a corrupt political tradition. The mass of the rebel army is illiterate, and it is hard to say what motive it has more exalted than the desire for good pay, abundant loot, and the excitement of a war in which neither side uses the bayonet or risks its skin as European combatants would. Of the officers, it is probable that a large percentage hope for plunder now, and for "graft" when their faction is in power. There is little if anything to choose in point of humanity or respect for civilized traditions between the two armies. Nor is it likely that the rebels, if they are successful, will display suddenly that capacity for constructive reform in which their murdered leader, Madero, was so deplorably lacking. But the pessimism of such a survey as this seems to us superficial. It may be true, as the correspondent of the "Times" insists, that Mexicans are rarely capable of disinterestedness in public affairs. But the fact remains, that such disinterestedness as there is, is to be found on the rebel side. That quality, at least, the severest critics of Madero's incapacity and neurotic exaltation allow to him. This it was which made him a magnetic leader, and the young men who felt his influence and now wear his portrait over their hearts as they fight to avenge his death, must be carrying into battle some ideal which they learned from him. It would be absurd to question the heroic disinterestedness of Señor Magon and his little group of Socialists, who proved their devotion by facing torture, starvation, disease, and sudden death in the prisons of Diaz. There is at least a leaven of idealism on the rebel side, and there can be none among the Huertaists. We may agree that the "Constitutionalists," when they come to power, will fail, as every Mexican party has failed in the past, to realize the conception of a democratic Republic. The utmost service they can render is to keep the ideal alive against the opportunists and the clericals, who would consciously prefer the demoralization of personal rule. They may discover some workable expedient of indirect election. But the urgent tasks of any reforming Government are to create a system of national education, and to destroy the system of peon-slavery. This latter task the rebels have already begun to carry out in the provinces which they hold, and the confusion caused by their assaults on the sacredness of landed property will be a transient evil if it ends, as it promises to end, in the restoration of peasant ownership. The rebels will be criticized, as no one criticized Diaz, simply because they profess a high ideal. Every failure, every infidelity, every crudity, will be underlined. But a nation with an ideal progresses in spite of human frailty.

The real question which confronts the Mexican revolution is the question which faced Arabi in Egypt and the Mejliss in Persia. Will the world of high politics and finance wait patiently while they make their experiments, sow their wild oats, gain experience, defeat their opponents, and choose, by a process of elimination which may be eventful and prolonged, leaders who have strength of will as well as integrity? The chances are, we think, that President Wilson's perception that time is not on Huerta's side, his imperturbable patience, his hostility to the Rockefeller interest which alone has much to gain from intervention, and his temperamental aversion from

any policy of military adventure will be the salvation of Mexico. His refusal to "recognize" General Huerta as President was a salutary instance of the unaggressive application of moral standards to diplomacy. His financial boycott was a proper use of the most potent and least objectionable weapon which modern civilization possesses. He is on much more doubtful ground when he went on to demand a free election, and proposed means by which normal conditions might be restored. A foreign Government which "interferes" in this positive way and seems to dictate a policy, at once rouses every instinct of patriotism against itself, and spreads in its own path the temptation to active intervention, if its advice should be disregarded. The case is peculiarly delicate in this instance, for the Mexicans have never forgotten their earlier acquaintance with the "bird of freedom" in its predatory moods.

The risk of intervention will become acute if Mexico, as may well happen, should default as a result of the boycott. But in the event of bankruptcy, it is to be hoped that President Wilson will bear in mind one of the few good works of the last Hague Congress. It adopted the Drago doctrine, which forbade the use of force in the collection of debts by one State from another. The doctrine stands with the assent of the civilized world, but the mechanism for its application is still lacking. If international law is to afford any real protection to weak nations against cosmopolitan finance and armed Imperialism, it must evolve an organ through which it can act, as well as a Congress through which it can legislate. If there were attached to the permanent Bureau of The Hague an international commission of finance to which struggling States could apply when their failing credit renders some sort of foreign interference or control inevitable, there would be at hand the means of averting such disasters as have overtaken Egypt and Persia. Foreign financial control is often inevitable, and it need not be an evil unless it is exercised by Powers which are serving their own Imperial designs when they apply it. If there were a Bureau at The Hague which could nominate disinterested executors when a weak State is on the point of collapse, half the occasions of aggression would be removed from the modern world. In spite of the Monroe Doctrine, it is reasonable to urge on Dr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan that they have the chance of creating in this Mexican crisis a precedent which may be invaluable to the world. The moment may come when Mexico, largely by their own action, will be a bankrupt chaos which cannot dispense with foreign aid in the work of reconstruction. Its credit will be gone, and its credit may admit of restoration only under some temporary foreign financial control. That control may be either American or international. If it is the former, one example the more will have been added to the dismal series of those Imperial interventions which usually end in the extinction of nationality. If, on the other hand, the intervention is international and therefore disinterested, a barrier will have been raised against predatory appetites and a check applied to the modern alliance of militarism with finance.

The Nation.

MR. CHURCHILL'S QUEER POSITION.

Liberal Members of Parliament were naturally alarmed and disgusted by Mr. Churchill's announcement that another large increase in naval expenditure is impending. That, no doubt, is the reason why they sought an interview with the Prime Minister on Wednesday. The thing seemed incredible for the following reasons. In the first place, with the depression in trade and the consequent falling off in revenue already in view, the strictest economy ought to be practised in all departments of the Government. The dearth of money and capital throughout the world, the shrinkage of all first-class securities, and the weakness of Consols, make it especially desirable just now that the Sinking Fund should be maintained, and that sales of Consols should not be forced by an increase of taxation. In the second place, the House of Commons was informed in 1911, both by the Board of Admiralty and by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that high-water mark had been reached in the Navy Estimates, and that substantial reductions could be anticipated in the next two years. In the third place, the German programme which has been the cause or pretext for the addition of 13 or 14 millions made to the Navy Estimates since Mr. Asquith became Prime Minister, has now become a reason not for expansion, but for retrenchment. Last year the German programme fell from four to three, and this year it has fallen from three to two battleships. It is clear, therefore, that, if ever there was a year in which Naval ecomomy was feasible, and if ever there was a Government bound by its pledges and professions to introduce naval economy, this is the year and this is the Government. The moral position of Mr. Winston Churchill on this question is so vulnerable that if the public interest allowed it, we should leave to others the easy task of dealing with him. But as his profligate extravagance[1] and wasteful administration are now bringing fresh taxation in view, we cannot help recalling his own account of his nine-year-old reasons for deserting the sinking ship of the Unionist party in 1904. "His quarrel with the Government," he said on May 16th of that year, "was solely and entirely on the question of finance. . . . . Extravagant finance would in the long run bring this powerful Government to the ground. Extravagant finance was written on the head of their indictment, and it would be written on the head of their tombstone." Then he added, very truly, that "when expenditure increases waste increases." He did not make that as a special charge against the Unionist Government, "it was true of all Governments." Further, he observed "that expenditure required criticism by someone not concerned in it." Such criticism, he said, is usually made of the Government in power by the Front Bench men who are about to succeed it. But as the Unionist administration of 1900 succeeded the Unionist Administration of 1895, that check did not work. Mr. Churchill, however, at that time was looking forward to an independent career in Parliament; for he promised that "unless the incoming Government made a substantial reduction both in naval and military expenditure, he should do his best to be a plague to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman." The Unionist Government, while doubling the armaments, had "halved the security." Owing to the "automatic, steady, progressive increase" in armament expendi-

[1] The conversion of a valuable battleship into a target is only one illustration.

ture, our financial position, "like an estate in the hands of a spendthrift," was steadily deteriorating. A little later in the session (on June 25th), in the course of an attack on the tea duties, he expressed a strong preference for the income-tax; "for, after all, it is the wealthier classes of the country who benefit most from the expenditure on armaments, and let them pay for it." And again, on another occasion in the same month, Mr. Churchhill "would have liked to see the expenditure on our vast armaments thrown to a far greater measure on the more wealthy people of the country." This was apparently partly to punish them, on the theory that it is the wealthy classes who benefit by armaments—as if any class benefited, except those who are directly engaged in the trade—partly because he held that direct taxation is "a great corrector of extravagance." We are, therefore, now in the ludicrous position of trying to induce the Government to correct by another great increase of direct taxation the extravagance of a gentleman who joined it on the score of economy. An all-round increase of the income-tax and regraduation of the super-tax, with a trifle on the beer barrel, may be a good means of bringing the concerted pressure of general indignation to bear upon armament problems; but why should a hopeful young economist like Mr. Churchill, who left one sinking ship on account of military and naval extravagance, be prepared to scuttle another, which he so bravely boarded waving "the tattered flag" of retrenchment? Really, this record is worthy of a comic opera. Gilbert and Sullivan alone could have done full justice to our First Lord.

But what is to be said about the plea for automatic increases, which, according to some reports, was put forward by the Prime Minister on behalf of Mr. Churchill? Some of our contemporaries appear to be pleased with the Prime Minister's statement that there will be no new commitments. It is true there may be large increases in naval expenditure, but these will be ascribed to old programmes, and are to be called "automatic." One apologist for the Admirality includes therein a rise of prices, though they have fallen considerably since last year! So with this hoary old device, this worn out word "automatic," those who think the time has come to carry out the pledges given by the Government in 1911 are expected to be satisfied. But, whatever the armament experts and their press may say, practical men will look at the total expenditure on the Navy—at the increase rather than at the pretext put forward by the Admirality experts, to whom the Prime Minister is said to have alluded with so much deference. And, pray, how is the public to distinguish between the experts who advise the Imperial Defence Committee and those who have just left it for better positions in the armament companies to which their successors naturally look to be promoted? If Mr. Asquith thinks criticisms are to be silenced again by appeals to "experts" and "automatic increases," he is very much mistaken. He cannot have forgotten the Dreadnought hoax practised upon us by these same experts. If the voice of economy is again to be disregarded, there will have to be a full and complete exposure so far as the Admiralty allows its own doings and extravagances to appear; and when the income-tax is widened, broadened, and heightened because Mr. Churchill can not keep his pledges, we predict an outbreak of public indignation which may surprise the Whips, although it ought not to surprise the Prime Minister after his experience at Leeds.

THE WOMAN TURNS.

(Being the protest of a novelist's wife against the modern method of regarding love as a subject for surgical or pathological treatment.)

There was a time ere middle age had chided
The ardors proper to the Spring of life
(This period, roughly speaking, coincided
With our initial stage as man and wife),
When you would write of Love—its tears and laughter,
Of lovers' quarrels cancelled by a kiss,
Of wedding chimes and then, for ever after,
Unmitigated bliss.

I liked it; others may have deemed it twaddle:
Not such it seemed to my adoring eyes:
I liked to see you as the hero's model,
Myself the gushing heroine in disguise;
It pleased me, when perusing those romances,
To feel that our experience, yours and mine,
Though duly broidered with creative fancies,
Furnished the main design.

But now you follow fiction's later fashion;
You take your operator's knife and dig
Into the palpitating heart of Passion,
And vivisect it like a guinea-pig;
As one who probes the more obscure diseases
You ask yourself (his symptoms closely scanned)
Whether the patient ought to try sea-breezes
Or have his brain trepanned.

Calmly you diagnose this heavenly miracle,
Treating it like a measle or a mump
By methods scientific or empirical—
A patent plaster or a stomach-pump;
The wine that glows in Love's empurpled chalices,
Which once you sketched in complimentary terms,
Is now subjected to a sharp analysis
And shown to reek with germs.

No doubt your attitude's disinterested;
You gaze aloof, with speculative poise;
But women's hearts, you know, are not invested
With that detachment which the male enjoys.
Anyhow, here is matter made for furious
Thinking, and I who once, like Love, was blind,
Am taking notice now, and getting curious
About my state of mind.

At first I held the whole affair outrageous,
But now I too grow sniffy in the nose;
I find your air of Harley Street contagious,
I emulate your pathologic pose;
And, after careful inward consultation,
I apprehend that what you hint is true—
It must have been some mental aberration
That made me marry you!

Punch. *Owen Seaman.*

THE TYRANNY OF THE EIGHTEEN-NINETIES.

It does not do to be too modern. There is a restlessness associated with the things of to-day and to-morrow which, however interesting and stimulating to the curiosity it may be, does not add to the peace, or the elegance, or the dignity of life. That remarkable expression "Fin de siècle," which was applied to so many things and people and ideas twenty years ago, contains in itself a germ of experience which is constantly renewed and repeated. The Eighteen-nineties were an extremely modern period—much more modern, in fact, than our own day. For either we have learnt the unseemliness and discomfort of being too modern, or else—what is perhaps more likely—the beginning of a period can never be quite so highly civilized, so developed, so up-to-date as the end of the period which immediately precedes it. And although the century is a mere computation of figures, although its beginning and end are mere marks on a printed calendar, yet it does seem as though the universal idea that at the end of a century we pass out of an old state of affairs into a new is not without its effect on the intellectual and artistic life of the community. In the Eighteen-nineties the nineteenth century was old and burdened with life and experience; it had outlived its innocent wonder at machines, at vast buildings of crystal or other ware, at travel by railway and the glories of the seaside; it had become blasé with mere physical experience, and turned to the remoter regions of art and intellect as a stimulus to excite and entertain its wearied imagination. Hence, perhaps, the remarkable efflorescence of intellectual and artistic activity which made the last decade of the century remarkable. The first decade of a new century, on the other hand, seems too youthful; too business-like; too much devoted to the setting of things in order to be productive of any great blaze of intellectual activity. It is like the morning after a great ball; memories of the scene, the glamour of the lights and the rhythm of the music are still with us; we are haunted by the faces of those who shone upon us in bravery and beauty; and we are for the moment too much occupied with agreeable or romantic reminiscences to realize that their day is over and ours is already with us, and that we too must bestir ourselves before the fall of night.

I have been moved to these reflections by a perusal of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's book, "The Eighteen-nineties," which Mr. Grant Richards has just brought out. It is a comprehensive review of art and ideas, artists and writers at the close of the nineteenth century. It is a difficult subject; and it is due to Mr. Jackson to say that he has treated it with considerable skill. It is a genuinely honest piece of compilation, and, more than that, there is evidence that the author has really envisaged and studied and absorbed his subject into his mind before beginning to write about it, so that out of his diverse material and scattered threads he has woven something like a fabric which very truly represents the color and texture of the period. One solid quotation will serve as a sample of his quality:—

"The Eighteen-nineties were to no small extent the battle-ground of these two types of culture—the one represented by 'The Yellow Book,' the other by the Yellow Press. The one was unique, individual, a little weird,

often exotic, demanding the right to *be*—in its own way even to waywardness; but this was really an abnormal minority, and in no sense national. The other was broad, general, popular; it was the majority, the man-in-the-street awaiting a new medium of expression. In the great fight the latter won. The 'Yellow Book,' with all its 'new' hopes and hectic aspirations, has passed away, and the 'Daily Mail,' established two years later, flourishes. In a deeper sense, also, these two publications represent the two phases of the times. The characteristic excitability and hunger for sensation are exemplified in the one as much as the other, and for what after all was the 'brilliance' of Vigo Street but the 'sensationalism' of Fleet Street seen from the cultured side? Both were the outcome of a society which had absorbed a bigger idea of life than it knew how to put into practice, and it is not surprising to those who look back upon the period to find that both tendencies, in so far as they were divorced from the social revolution of the Nineties, were nihilistic, the one finding its Moscow at the Old Bailey in 1895, the other in South Africa in 1899."

It has been the lot of the Eighteen-nineties to extend their influence till it has become something like a tyranny. Some of its names have become symbols—of what, many people who have a superstitious reverence for them would be unable to tell you. Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde and the dozen or so of lesser names which belong to the same group are taken by many people who never study their works as examples of the highest possible culture. If you go into one of those charming drawing-rooms in London which are lavishly and yet with unerring taste furnished to express the most recent and most harmonious note in luxurious cultivation, you will find, representing literature, books of the Eighteen-ninety period exquisitely bound. When the room has been decorated, the priceless old furniture installed, and the few rare pictures exposed to the greatest advantage, and my lady looks round the room with a view to finishing touches and a note of intimacy, and decides that a few books beautifully bound would look well in a certain place, it is not some really contemporary artist whose works are chosen, but, almost for a certainty, one of the Eighteen-nineties; and if the lady have pretensions to a special degree of artistic enlightenment, she will have a complete set of the "Yellow Book." But she will never read it, and will probably remain ignorant of most of its contents except the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley. The Eighteen-nineties really made such a commotion that people do not seem to realize that anything in art or literature has happened since. They buy the books of the Eighteen-nineties; they get ours from the library. Of course it was a wonderful time, an era, in Mr. Jackson's words, of hope and action, when people thought that anything might happen; they were breaking away from convention, and were trying life for themselves and threatening to lead their own lives. "The snapping of apron strings caused consternation in many a decent household, as young men and maidens were suddenly inspired to develop their own souls and personalities."

All this is commonplace now; we are free in a way that no civilized nation has ever been free before, and for part of our freedom we have certainly to thank the Eighteen-nineties. But that is no reason why they should continue to tyrannize over us. When inspirations and affections, even the most cherished, become a burden and a yoke, it is time to throw them off; and just as under the stimulation of

this movement the staid Victorians were impelled to throw their mahogany into the streets, so the day has come when we must abandon the Eighteen-nineties to the judgment of time and, deposing them from the dignity of a cult, leave them to their place in history. Mr. Jackson's book ought to make an admirable guide to those who would study the period seriously and, forgetting its nonsense and affectations, appreciate and admire what there was of solid merit, beauty and invention in it.

Real indeed was the beauty of the best of it; and the survivors of that great period who live and work among us to-day are the richer, in their maturity, for the period of extravagant youth through which they passed. It is no disparagement of its excellent qualities to suggest that for the present we have had enough of it. There are fashions in art and in what is considered great and beautiful in literature, as there are in lesser things, and it is not good to be dominated by the fashion of a bygone day. It suggests comparisons with living art, it invokes standards, which are an injustice to both. The great merit of the art of the Eighteen-nineties was its courage, its freshness, its escape from convention and the domination of other periods, its determination to be itself. In so far as they are influenced by its form (which quickly grows old-fashioned) rather than by its spirit, the workers of to-day are guilty of a weakness for which the most decadent, crocus-robed, scarlet-sinning poet of the period would have laughed them to scorn. It is, perhaps, in creative art alone that it is a real fault to be old-fashioned; for it means that the artist is not wholly alive to the environment in which he lives and from which his true inspiration should be drawn.

Filson Young.

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "Three Lords of Destiny" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers presents himself, not as the genial and whimsical essayist, as usual, but as a preacher of high ideals and noble living. The three discourses which compose the volume were delivered as lectures at Leland Stanford Junior University on the Raymond F. West Memorial Foundation; and the three lords of destiny which Dr. Crothers exalts are Courage, Skill and Love. Of the dominance of these traits in a world of struggle and of their influence in shaping character and winning the highest form of success Dr. Crothers discourses with earnestness and eloquence. The book is full of inspiration to great endeavor.

The ninth volume of "The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) covers the years 1856-1863, —the years leading up to the great crisis of the Civil War, and the first half of the war period. Naturally, the course of public affairs, and the great struggle in which the nation was engaged figured largely in Emerson's thought and experience and were reflected in the pages of his Journals; but not to the exclusion of the love of Nature, the intimacy with books, the joy of friendships and the unconscious self-revelations which found expression in those records. During these years, Mr. Emerson lectured in Canada and the West, visited Washington, talked with Lincoln and Seward and Sumner and other of the

nation's leaders and reflected much upon national affairs; yet he was as simply pleased to make note of the late spring day when he crossed Lake Walden on the ice, or to jot down his meditations upon books or his impressions of his friends as in more tranquil times. The charm of this volume as of those that have preceded it is its simplicity and its genuineness. Whatever was uppermost in his mind, whatever was newest in his experience found a place in these pages, and all with as complete an absence of self-consciousness as if he were talking to himself and his words were caught up by some invisible dictagraph.

It is safe to say that there are no public libraries,—and few private libraries of persons in middle life or beyond—which do not contain more or less of the numerous volumes in the Bohn Libraries,—essays, fiction, history, travels, the works of standard English writers and translations of classics. The long procession of grayish-black volumes began nearly seventy years ago and every year saw it enriched with new literary treasures. The re-issue of these books in the Bohn's Popular Library of which the Macmillan Company are the American publishers, with the attractions of India paper, flexible cloth binding, and a uniform price of thirty-five cents a volume is a literary event of unusual interest. Thus far, thirty volumes have been issued, among them Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Lamb's Essays, Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," Mrs. Jameson's "Shakespeare's Heroines" and two or three of the best of Trollope's stories.

Boy readers who have followed the adventures of "Billy To-morrow" through two or three earlier books will be glad to hear more of him in the latest story of the series, "Billy To-morrow's Chums." Sarah Pratt Carr, the author of the series, introduces as one of Billy's chums a young fellow who, entering the story as an amateur and quickly repentant burglar, becomes soon, under the affectionate encouragement of the woman whose house he tried to rob, a very likable and manly boy. With him is associated another lad who owes much to the same kindly influence; and there are other boys and girls who are chums in school life and at play. There are half a dozen illustrations by Robert J. Davison. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The greatest difficulty to be encountered in reading "The Tinder Box," by Maria Thompson Daviess, faces the reader in the first few pages. If his patience endures long enough to discover that the mixture of polysyllables and the crudest "cracker" dialect, is intended to intimate to him that an educated Southern woman holds the pen of the supposed writer, he will be prepared for such poetic outbursts as "When a woman is created, the winds have wooed star-dust, rose-dew, peach-down and a few flint-shavings into a whirl-wind of deviltry." What happens in the story is that a very modern Southern-educated Southern maiden meets the Southern widow, the Southern widower, and the young Southern bachelor, who takes her for his own in spite of the elderly Southern bachelor who loves her. A stray million or two, a chance to become a governor and a multitude of children constitute the machinery of the tale. The book is dedicated to "Hannah Daviess Pittman who blazed my trail and still does" (sic) and one of the pictures presents the heroine "scrouged so close to his arm that it was difficult for

both of them to walk." They should have ridden, in good Southern fashion, he on a steed as black as the steeds of night, and she on a milk-white palfrey. The Century Co.

"On Board the Good Ship Earth," by Herbert Quick, is a clear, interesting discussion of some of the dangers which confront the human race and some of the problems which it must solve if life is to continue. The allegory of a great ship on which we are all passengers, a ship which cannot stop either to take on supplies or to leave passengers, helps to clarify and make vital questions which might seem only complex and chimerical if treated in a more matter of fact way. There are two kinds of supplies: the nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, and potassium, which are drawn from the soil each year by the crops but can be replaced; and the coal, and to some extent the metals, which come from non-refillable mines. There are two problems of population: that of migration and immigration, peaceful or otherwise; and that of the increase of the population which must be supported by any given territory. There are two problems of government: the problem of bringing about the political recognition of the fact that the earth is a single land and the human race a single people; and the problem of determining the doses in which civilization may be safely administered to primitive tribes; and there are a host of minor, unclassifiable problems to be solved. The mainlines of development which Mr. Quick believes we must follow are the world state, the single tax, government ownership of all means of transportation, cooperative systems of production, and widespread education. He sees salvation for the overcrowded, poverty-ridden countries of the East in the biological fact that the birth rate of a nation always falls as the complexities of its civilization increase. The book is illuminating rather than convincing. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"They say the goodly race is dwindling, dwindling" wrote somebody of the Quakers, some forty years ago, at the very time when Hopalong Cassidy and his companions appeared in Texas, and the epic of the Bar-20 Ranch began. Even so, "they" now say that the cowboy race is dwindling, dwindling, and that, as land waxes in price, cattle are reared and sold on plans unknown to the storied days when enormous herds were driven across wide tracts now controlled by gold and silver. Even in Texas, it is averred, one sees nothing more actively picturesque than a runaway horse in harness, or a tame bull plunging about within the safe enclosure of a fence, and slightly annoyed by flies. But here is Mr. Clarence E. Mulford's "The Coming of Cassidy," relating excellent stories of the early seventies when the buffalo were going and the cattle were coming. Then the cow man and the cayuse and the pinto, and the coyote were familiar creatures, and wild jests were played, and feuds were fought to the end, and Mr. Mulford has stories of both, jests and feuds, and a very interesting book is the result. The very riding is strange, and the horses and the men in the pictures are creatures to astonish Eastern equestrians. Mr. Maynard Dixon's five pictures enhance the vividness of the pages of description. There are other "Cassidy" tales to come, evidently, and they will be gladly received. Meantime, "The Coming of Cassidy" clears the reader's conception of matters in Arizona and gives him pleasure. A. C. McClurg & Co.